TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUT. COL. JOHN SHAW BILLINGS
M.D. D.C.L. LL.D.
FIRST DIRECTOR OF
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
WHO BY HIS FORESIGHT ENERGY AND
ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY
MADE EFFECTIVE
ITS FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE

"HE IS NOT DEAD WHO GIVETH LIFE TO KNOWLEDGE"

JOHN SHAW BILLINGS MEMORIAL FUND
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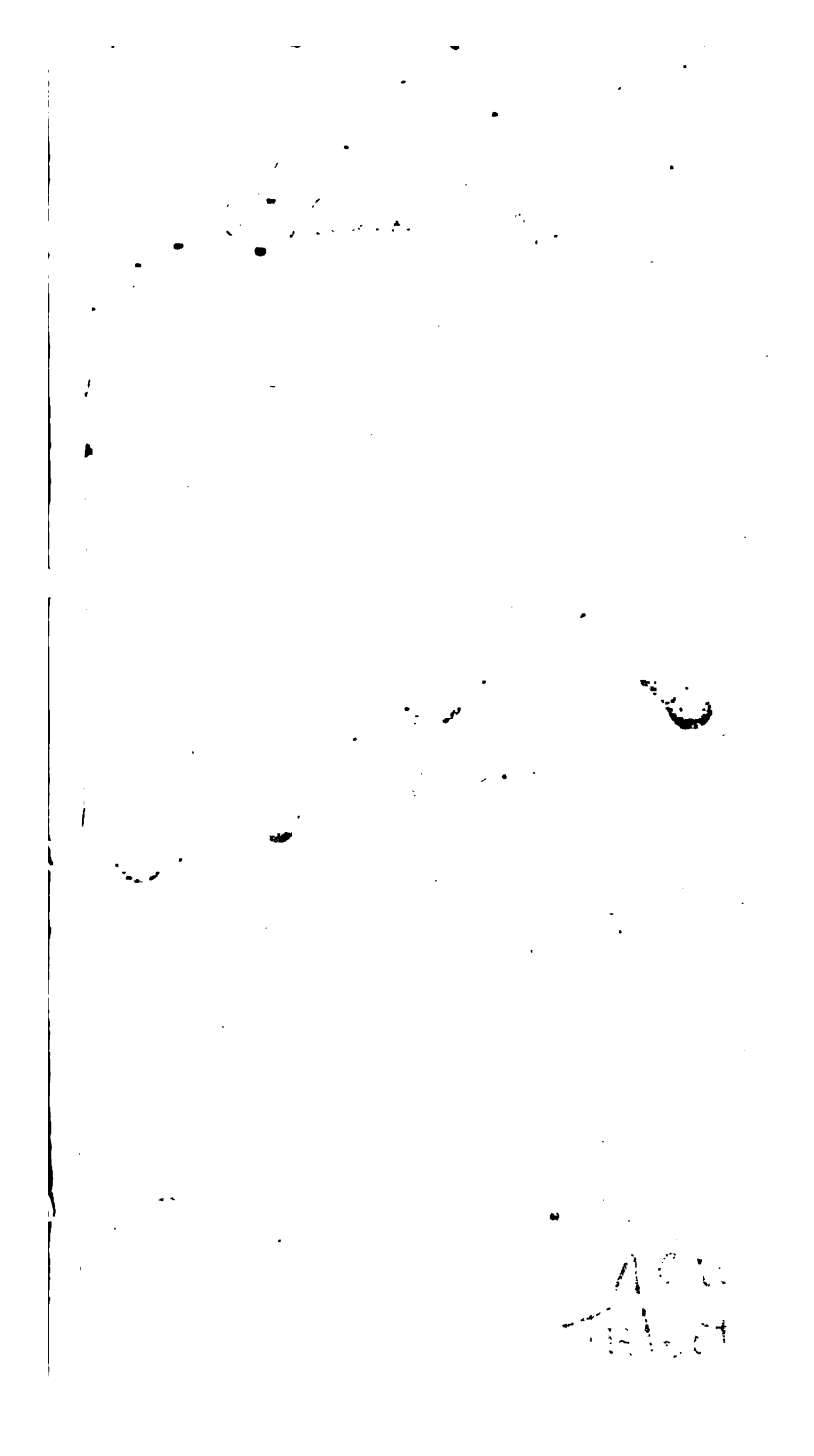

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is Virtue, the only lasting treasure Truth.

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RURALITY.

ORIGINAL DESULTORY TALES.

BY

MISS MARY ELIZABETH TALBOT.

But "why then publish?"—There are no rewards
Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.
I ask in turn, why do you play at cards?
Why drink? why read?—To make some hour less dreary
It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or pondered, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I've had at least my dream.

BYRON.

PROVIDENCE:
MARSHALL AND HAMMOND, PRINTERS.

1830.

PREFACE.

I send my little *protegee*, to make her *debut* in the great world, with truth on her lips, and morality in her heart. May the world look kindly on her errors, firmly impressed with her youth. With modest diffidence, she makes her *conge* to the theologian, and abstruse, trusting her simplicity will guard her against any imputation of arogance. To the sober critic, her guardian would whisper a word of caution—her knowledge is too infantile, to raise the basis of his fame, by an exposure of her errors, as the world is possessed of more learned, and more brilliant intellects, of acknowledged merit. They will confer a favor by directing their attention to them entirely. My *protegee* does not anticipate *unbounded applause*—neither does she expect *decided censure*. Her object is amusement—that this object may be effected, is the ardent wish of her GUARDIAN.

REMINISCENCES.

"Farewell! to thee, thou southern land,
Where the Oak and Jasmine grow;
Where smiles are bright and accents bland,
And summer blossoms blow:"

THERE is a season in our lives which we can always contemplate with complacency; it is the remembrance of happy childhood. Who, that is possessed of kindly feelings, cannot look back on these happy days of thoughtless gaiety! when sorrow, if ever traced, was immediately superceded by some bright hope of anticipated happiness; oh, for the good days of "Auld lang syne" when there were no distinctions of wealth, or superiority, as equality was the reigning motto. If superiority ever reared her crest, it was not by those who possessed the brightest understandings, or the increase of wealth; but simply those who thrashed the most wheat, mowed the most hay, were the first in the row, and the last to surrender the scythe; I am now recording customs, which have come under occular demonstration, during a residence in the wilds of North Carolina. At the close of the season how gratifying to the farmer, to view English, American and Dutch, collected around a heap of corn for the purpose of divesting the ears of their dusky covering, that green and fresh, once garnished and beautified the fields. It is pleasant to behold

them listen with animating zeal, to the encouraging voice of their captain, whether possessed of a dark, or light exterior, it matters little; black, white, and yellow, all are assembled in one hetrogenous mass of indefatigable zeal; and then at the close of the night, to see them return to their neighbor's house, where a plentiful supper was previously arrranged for their reception. Rough planks prepared at their own mill, disposed across the spacious piazza, were covered with linen of their own manufacture; the fineness of whose texture needs no encomium; here they were received with a rough but honest welcome. And now oblivion to turkies, geese chickens, and stew pies by the dozen, as the Dutch are as famous for composing this indispensable pie, as their northern neighbors are for the invaluable pumpkin, so delicious to the eye and taste. After their repast, the females like good wives subordinate to their husbands, yield their napkins to their servants, and gratify their own appetites on the preparations of so many days labor: the servants, initiated by the example of their mistresses, attend upon them with equal submission. It would be downright cruelty, not to record the females share in this industrious revel.

In the spinning bees, whole yards of wool, or cotton are manufactured in one day: thus a few hours may condense many weeks of individual labor; but this kind of employ, is not so general, as the quilting matches. I can attest, I have spent many a happy day in this manner: to accompany the neighboring

girls to a *frolic* as it is termed, to observe them work so indefatigable, was no small astonishment on my first noviciate; but it afterwards ceased, on beholding them arranged around four pieces of sapling sticks recently cut from the woods, with ropes fastened upon a peg or nail, which was suspended from the ceiling, to secure the quilt, consisting of stripes of cotton cloth, and calico, which last was often a rarity.

The cheerful chit chat was divested of envy or malice, and a princess might envy their content. As the night darkened around them and the symphony of dishes subsided, the sounds of the welcome violin, fingered by Sawney, " whose woolly locks, and snowball eyes," rendered him proudly conspicuous, mounted upon an old chest placed for his reception: how proud and consequential his looks, as he surveys his impatient beholders while he tunes his instrument.— Then the lads in their rough costume, select each his favorite, simply clad, in a dress which in these modern and refined times, must be unmentionable.— I remember once being at one of these simple amusements, on a New Year's eve: by a common consent we intended to remain together, till we wished each other according to the stale custom, a Happy New Year. Then Sawney leaves them to amuse his dark *fair one's*, and strengthen his superiority in the kitchen, for of what importance is a fiddler in this laboratory of fun and feast; here are always selected the best bits for his dainty palate, nor does it excite the least envy or malice; for should he pass a field, where

his associates are laboring, down go spade, plough, and shovel, at the least glimpse of the green bag, suspended on his shoulder, that enclosed the magic instrument: "For he that hath not music in his soul, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoil;" and fortunate was the master of this envied talent if he escaped with a "How d'ye" and "how you to-day? and what frolic you play last night?" lucky, I repeat, if he is allowed to pass in so peacable a manner, but "come give us a jig now"—and off go their shoes as is invariably the custom—and they go at it with all might, and strength, believing in the ancient prophecy, that such was the most acceptable. And now death to the eye-sight of beholders, for such cloud of dust were raised, it would be useless labor, to pass the plough there for the season. After the evolutions were over, it were a pity if they did not take "*five* bar-rest," in the late definition of the term: Sawney was then allowed to take *"the fence on his back," and depart in peace.

But let us return to the kitchen, where we left our knight of the fiddle-bow, doing homage to his black favorites.—It is useless here to record that the Dutch are always said to be "for myself," though I believe erroneously.—They are naturally possessed of a rich vein of cultivation, and if they do not possess the advantage of improving their talents they yet revel in

*The blacks invariably direct the traveller in this manner, "Turn the bridge over, take the fence on your back, keep straight up the hill, and take the field on your left side, and the hill on your right."

the marvellous. After replenishing the great Christmas fire, by a log which it had taken four stout blacks to locate in the spacious chimney, with enlivening pine knots; they drew their seats so as to make a circular line around Tempe—who was much solicited to relate a story, for she was far-famed as a story teller.—The viol still sounded to amuse their bugs as they called them! the term according to their definition signifies a beau, but I have heard the rustic term, used in more civilized socie ties,where the signification was entirelydifferent meaning a fop, or a superior character.

Before our historian commences her narrative I take the liberty to digress to record a few customs, relative to their public amusements. The day of Election for the purpose of collecting votes for the assembly, is previous to the General Muster. At the former, the women attend as generally as the men; not to give their votes, and listsn to the eloquence that is often issued from some old stumps; but to partake of their good cheer; of which we will presently give a detail; although previously assuring our readers, they have great influence over their Spouse and the candidates often observe, they always endeavour to gain the right side of the wives, before they were sure of their husbands favor.

At the General Muster so much talked of,the young and the old, maimed, and blind, are all collected at the village. some, on foot; others on horseback three at a time; others in a covered wagon drawn by four horses, chairs placed inside for their convenience;

here may be seen flaming ribbons and calico dresses with now and then a white dress which has requried the product of many weeks labor to purchase at the stores, so invaluable a treasure. Beside this,the wagon contains a small table, a cask of distilled cider, and ginger cakes by the dozen, to retail in the suburbs of the village: including the necessary apparatus of eating. But these inconveniences they bear with becoming fortitude, for the pleasure they have in anticipation. The spacious field is filled with thousands of human beings. On one side are the soldiers—while the voice of their superior can be heard issuing the word of command. Guards are placed around, to check the intruder from encroaching on the bounds. On the opposite side of the encampment are the females, some fortunate ones perhaps with a stray gallant by their side.

As soon as the exercise has ceased, which often exceeds their patience, every sound is hushed, save a suppressed hum—'They are coming—they are coming'—and now the martial music is heard, scarcely discordant to practised ears—and platoon after platoon passes—while some delighted lasses exclaim, "That is *he!*" 'There *he* is!"

Some have guns, and a blue coat with red facings, others wear their own homespun garments, and as an apology for a weapon, gleans a stick from the forest to supply the deficiency. The end is not yet unfolded.

After their release they promiscuously gather—black, white, and yellow, around that great southern

feast, a barbacue: for the Carolinians believe in going the whole hog. A table is placed by the side of every barbacue—the latter is prepared in this manner; in the first place, they dig a hole deep enough to place coals beneath sticks which are laid across; and then the mighty hog crowns the pile. The ingredients of seasoning are never spared, and warm slices are placed upon the plate of every customer. And here the youth conducts his favorite—pays his proportion, and feasts upon barbacue, ginger cakes, and distilled cider. But the surest mode of their courtship is in attending their favorites from some meeting, which is always held many miles distant from their abodes.—Some lassies walk barefooted, and carry their shoes and stockings in their reticule until they arrive near their place of destination, when they sit on some log and put them on; and walk into the rough church with amazing confidence; tossing their head, and displaying a bonnet, as varied in its hues as Joseph's coat. After they are dismissed, each favored gallant takes his lassie up behind him on his faithful charger, and conducts her home, saving her a long walk, and sometimes she gains a conquest to boot.—But let us return to 'Tempe'—As far as my memory assists, her story was as follows:

THE DELUDED MOTHER.

"Let not thine heart decline to her ways,
Go not astray in her paths."—*Proverbs, 7th Chap*

"It is that child's grandmother's story I would relate," said she, pointing to a boy who was uncon-

sciously, fast bending his little head, to the winning arms of morpheus. "At the time Cornwallis, that cruel lord who desolated our homes, and tore from us many valued friends, quartered here, in this house, you see, so antiquated ; it was at that time, one of his unprincipled soldiers won the affections of his grandmother. She was called in her youth, the best looking of any who attended the frolics, and one of those kind who wore in age : among all her suitors, she selected a Mr. Crouch, who was the first in the field and the last at the plough, and never was known to come from the village, otherwise than he went. They were both very young when they married, and very poor; but they had health, and that was a fortune, or rather the making of theirs. She was contented to marry the man she loved, although his fortune consisted only, of a horse and plough, and a few acres of land, while her dowry was neither more or less than a bed, and bedding, of her own manufacture ; the cotton was gathered from the field, and the wool was the refuge of shearing ; but difficulty stimulated her endeavors, and she smiled at the thought, some day, to see her own house decorated, in all this pharaphernalia, of dear bought industry ; this with a few flag chairs, half a dozen cups and saucers, as many pewter platters, completed their fortune, not forgetting a wing from the best turkey killed that year as a precious present from her mother—Their house was formed of logs with clay to cement, and the chimney at-

tached, of the same materials.* This was contentment, and many times did they revert in their prosperity to scenes of youthful happiness, in their little hut, sparingly but neatly furnished.

By their constant application of economy, they acquired sufficient by raising horses, cattle, geese, ducks, turkies, etcetera, and disposing of them at the village, to enable them to purchase a plantation, well stocked with all kinds of necessaries. They lived in union; and when I say this, I do not mean to convey the idea, merely in companionship, but in daily labor: it was in this way they acquired their property. She always assisted his field labor—while he ploughed, she sowed, and many a day have they been seen side by side, hoeing, planting, and replanting, mowing hay, thrashing wheat, gathering it in—the wife always driving the team; and she always wore one of his old hats when seen on these occasions—it was a perfect example of conjugal affection to behold them, and often after they had acquired sufficient to buy negroes, to lighten labor, if a sudden shower endangered the hay which had been scattered for curing, she was the first to assist.

I had forgot to say, she was the mother of seven children:—The duty of the wife was often absorbed

* I remember being once at a house to lodge for the night, and witnessing a sight, curious and alarming. The chimnies are generally built outside of the house, either of stone or brick; this was neither, but simply as the one now mentioned; in consequence of a large fire, the logs had caught during the night, and none of the inmates knew of it till the following morning, and there were the remains in a bright blaze, leaving the house destitute of a chimney!

in the mother. Who would have thought that this woman, so deeply attached to her family, could leave them a prey to insupportable grief?—I said her beauty wore in age, perhaps it might be attributed to her industrious habits, early rising, and excellent health, so uncommon among us.* What could possess the woman to leave this home of prosperity, for certain adversity, has ever been a mystery; but as I observed at the time, the troops quartered here; a soldier, much her junior, beguiled her away from one, to whom she had ever been the same, in sickness, or in health, in poverty, and in death, with not a word inimical. Perhaps they were too full of blessings, and the good man did not appreciate them as he ought, and now must bear a double portion of the world's trouble — If the heart is ungrateful we are sure to court affliction. It was said he did bear this unlooked for misery with christian fortitude.

* For every season brings more or less sickness here, on account of stagnant waters, and an abundance of creeks, which surround the country; beautiful to the sight, but often death to the inhabitants. Water, always enhances scenery, especially here, in this wilderness, where can be seen deers, and other wild animals, prancing to the waters edge and dashing away from the least noise, proceeding from the step of a traveller. So noiseless are these endless woods that border the creeks, and are composed of the gigantic oak and pine, interspersed with the tall maple, and sycamore, naught is heard save the skipping of the squirrel, from bough to bough, or the flight of buzzards, that bird of prey which are very numerous, and resemble wild turkies. The melodies of the sweet songstress of the grove seldom penetrate the gloom ;— when by chance I passed through these forests, to shorten the distance to a neighbor's house, I was always greeted by some hissing snake, so poisonious to the traveller, and seldom without flatting their pates, making so many less of that fearful tribe.

It was not till the night she was missed, he had the least suspicion of her infidelity; the morning previous to her elopement, she took down the German bible, and bade her daughter read the 7th chapter of Proverbs—even this excited no suspicion in the pure mind of her husband, as she was wont to make her read daily. It was true he afterwards considered she did not appear so fearful of the soldiery, as she did at their first appearance, as they often came to the house in quest of food: this was trivial at the time, as he thought use was second nature. But she was gone, and the chasm she left was never filled—A dutiful partner, and a tender mother—she was benevolent to the poor—she well fulfilled the scripture—"She stretcheth forth her hands to the poor—yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." She had suffered poverty in a measure, herself, and the remembrance was always too vivid to cast away, as is the case with many who have experienced their day of adversity;—but I tire you, and ought to have chosen a more enlivening theme on this occasion, I have selected this as a warning to all who wish to swerve from the path of duty, and assure them what will be their reward.

She wrote home once; it was sometime after her departure, so long, they had given up all hopes they ever should hear of her. Sad were the contents—her faithless lover had deserted her—the miseries she had experienced were soon to be forgotten, in that land where the deeds done here on earth, should have their reward. She did not wish to see her husband or any of her dear children, for she had given them a poor example, to with-

stand the temptation of the world: she only requested forgiveness from them, and him; but she did not conceive herself worthy of his affection, or theirs, but when they heard the cold grave enclosed her iniquities, she trusted they would shed a tear of regret for her abandonment.

She had undoubtedly employed some person to write, while she indited, as neither she, or her husband, had ever learned any rudiments of writing.—And this is all, my young friends, said the good daughter of the feast, save that her husband did not survive her many years—he went down to the same cold sepulchre—let us trust they were joined again in unity and peace."

Another story was solicited with increased ardor; a sprightly Dutch girl complied, who was equally conspicuous, for her rotundity of form, and the winning smile that played around a healthy plump countenance, as her evolutions in the dance, for lightness and correctness.

"I remember my grandmother," said she, used to amuse me with similar tales, and if your patience can be exercised, I will relate one, I never have forgotten, although the relater has long since gone down to the grave—

THE HAUNTED GRAVE.

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summers cloud,
Without our special wonder?—*Shakspeare.*

The era of the war gave rise to many tales of superstition. And so firm were the people, in the belief of supernatural agency, it were as easy to assure them

the moon was composed of the nutriment derived from their brindles, as to convince them of so useless a foundation; it were a downright insult to their understandings—they would as soon spurn the thought of an orthodox, as a scorpion about to sap the life springs of their heart.

Omey and Flora, were girls brought up in the same neighborhood—Omey was superior in beauty; Flora in the witchery of sense—the latter early displayed an eagerness after knowledge; for this gift was innate—her parents little encouraged, knowing such a gift was often misconstrued by the ignorant; and that what is checked often increases knowledge.

Flora had an old Indian friend, who was once a chief, and was then called this singular name—Occuneocogecococagecadungo—This invaluable friend taught Flora the use of herbs; by which she performed wonderful cures; and often, she could speak many words of his language, of which he took uncommon pains to make her a proficient—this laid the ground work and she was soon styled a leaguer among demons—some affirmed they had seen her riding over the hills on a broomstick, in place of her own pretty poney; others declared she was known to enter their own stables, and take their horses, being too sparing of her own on such speedy missions; and many has been the witch knot, found in the manes of their faithful steeds, which no human power could be known to tie such a gordian knot. They have laid in ambush at her approach, and have had occular knowledge of her returning with invisible demons laughing in their discordant

manner, and it was a general belief, she leagued with none other, than the Cloven Foot himself.

Flora's field was now limited—she was compelled to do good unknown. Omey, and Flora, were vastly intimate—it was prophesied their rose of the forest would be burnt some day, with her friend like the poor Hindoo entwining her fate with the man of her choice: however the intimacy did not continue 'till death us do part.' There was a competition, a fair William in the way: but as beauty is sometimes triumphant, Omey was the victor, and deeply did she suffer by it: the amount of it is was, they were ever after avowed enemies; but Omey did not long revel in the happiness of being selected by the fair youth, for the war broke out, and he was one among the chosen, to share the laurels of his country. With a bold and fearless heart, he obeyed the call, performing many vows and protestations to the fair magnet of his heart—protesting in the midst of clashing arms, and the groans of the wounded, her fair image should ever be vivid, assuring her she was his *first* choice, and should be his *last*.—Often did Omey recall his words, for they comforted, like wine or other deleterious spirits a wearied and exhausted heart, but she daily withered —the bloom on her cheek faded, and the rose of the forest, was changed to the lilly of the valley; but to be serious, my young friends, said the versatile dutch girl, long days and weeks passed, and yet no news came of her William—she would sit upon some lone rock at night, and lament his absence bitterly, and often her sweet voice was heard by the woodman re-

turning from his labor, warbling the plaintive ballad, "her Willie hied to the wars."

The winter had long passed and spring gladdened the face of the earth in all its loveliness; the sturdy oak put forth its gigantic branches, with thickly covered foliage; the grape vine entwined her tiny proportions around this rugged protector, and the cheering green once more displayed its usual beauty; and it was now the agency of Flora was suspected.—Stung to the quick in being superceded by one so much inferior in intellect, it was thought she abided her time, the Norna awaked.

The friends of Omey had long given her up, as one for another sphere: one day Omey concluded to go and visit a neighbors house, and pass a social day.—Flora accidentally met her there; it was not the first time, and for their neighbor's sake, forbore yielding to dispute. Omey knew it would avail her little, as the fear of Flora's power would stimulate her neighbor to take part against her. Omey returned and was taken down sick, and for several days they despaired of her life—the people were alarmed—her parents trembled for the issue—for this witchery they doubted not, but Flora was the instigator.—There was a certain Doctor located in the country, and as soon as the interested neighbors proposed sending for him, they agreed it was best; a messenger was now despatched, over hill and dale, with such velocity that it brought death to the horse, and nearly deprived the rider of speech, verifying the man in the gospel, who entreated the king to send him on some mission, and when

he arrived he could not say a word; however, Omey's messenger gave an account embellished with superstition.—Now the good doctor had several such cases, assuming a manner of great mystery after he arrived, he ordered them to secure the windows, and doors, and every part of the house, and make a fire in the chimney, although it was the hottest month in the year, but when they remonstrated, it would increase Omey's fever, he declared witches always chose to descend a chimney in preference to walking in a door: this decided it; and a flaming fire was soon seen sending its volumes of smoke up the spacious chimney. Now this kind son of Esculapius well knew, a fire to a raging fever was no very comfortable preventive; but he also knew his patient lay under a powerful excited feeling of some supernatural agency—the mind of the invalid is easily led to imagine a cause for their indisposition—and the good doctor was assured could he but divest her of this thought, including her companions, he should attain his end—the patients recovery—he might reason with her; and perhaps with success for the present, but her associates would soon undermine her reason, he now solemnly told them after he had reviewed the necessary preparations, if there was any witchcraft at the hour of midnight the person would appear, and sue for admittance, but on the penalty of certain death to his patient, not to admit them; and that after the person had departed the patient would recover.

It was near that still hour, when a knocking at the door, and then, at the windows aroused the slumber-

ing watchers to their senses: anxious to ascertain if it was the identical Flora, they gave the usual inquiry, and were answered in her voice: while they saw through an unstopped cranney, and by the aid of the bright moonlight, they were assured of her identity—but sternly refused her admittance. She entreated, saying she had heard of her sickness, and wished to cure her; they were deaf to her expostulations, and the spirit departed, leaving them more strongly impressed, that she was a demon, and the cause of Omey's illness. Some one said, she had heard she was charged with the crime, and sought her, to deny any agency, others she denied any knowledge of being there.—This they put more confidence in,' as the spirit often wanders without the knowledge of the body; this circumstance induced this leaguer of unknown spirits to abandon her country; it was said she took the figure of a man, in a military costume, and hied to the wars where Willie had gone—There were various conjectures; but the most probable story was that of a traveller, who passed through the country, and heard the marvellous tale:—it was years after; but he assured them there was one, Flora Garelow, came to his village, and was soon after married, and made as good a wife as any *gal* in the village: but the generality of the people put little faith in the story, for they knew she was a spirit, and a wicked one to boot: but Omey recovered after the spell was broken, and all were better: but such dreams for three nights, of seeing a man destitute of a head, and three nights in succession, did the same figure pass, and repass her window,

where she was in the habit of gazing on the beautiful heavens, with such intensity she might well represent the emblem of an angel.

Her jet ringlets for richness and abundance none were her equal, so polished and transparent her beautiful neck, where they played with the light breeze that refreshed her—The unearthly paleness of her countenance, and a thin spare figure might well represent this being, from the and of invisible spirits. Her parents recorded the day of the month; of her first dream, and it afterwards accorded with the same date, her Willie fell in battle: but this lovely victim of protracted hope, had gone previous to their knowledge to meet her betrothed.

It was thought after her death; the time of her evenings devotion, she had a presentiment of his death and she was communing with the spirit of the departed, but this was not all; nightly there was seen by the passing woodman, an unusual brilliancy, hovering over the grave of their lilly of the valley—The grave yard my friends, are as ours are, so said my grandmother, open in the barren field. Many a one avoided the spot after the shades of twilight covered the land, for they considered it haunted by the spirit of her William,

It would ever remain in mystery, if a bold lad had not declared he would solve it, hob goblin or not, once on his charger, he would defy pursuit:—it so happened he gave out that night he was to ride through the field so dreaded, as soon as twilight had disappeared, and tree, flower, and shrub, remained in one common gloom. The people gathered in sight of the dreaded

grave,and awaited the issue; all their attention was directed to the spot where as usual the brilliancy appeared moving in uninterrupted splendor. "Now is the time," said the youth, "good, or evil, I am bent to solve it, farewell"— but his observers smiled, for fear had raised his hair as stiff as the quills of a fretful porcupine, so that his woolly hat was raised completely off his head; but to stop now would be utter disgrace; Spurring his faithful charger who experienced no such symptoms, he was soon enveloped in the beautiful brilliancy for the moment; returning with a whooping and roaring with laughter for instead of the invisible beings, greeting him with anger at his intrusion, it was no less than an assemblage of that beautiful insect, that in expanding its little wings so often beguiles the traveller, like an ignis fatus—simply lightning bugs. Some were converts—others believed they where embodied spirits,taking the form of so beautiful an insect.

"Convinced against their will,
Were of the same opinion still."

They all gave their different opinion upon the theme of supernatural agency, and wishing each other a 'Happy New Year,' as fast as they could, they departed with torch lights for a guide, for darkness had increased, assuring them the light of day was fast approaching.

ALBERT AND LOISE.

CHAPTER I.

"He claimed no title, from descent, or blood,
But that which made him noble, made him *good*."
Dryden.

Previous to the war in 17—, that filled the hearts of our brave countrymen with alternate hopes and fears; near the neat village of M——, resided a family, by the name of Calledon. They came over from England, and selecting a small tract of land, purchased, and settled there. Their family consisted of three daughters, and two sons, but they soon all took the ague, which is not of itself dangerous, but undermines the system, and fits it to become a prey to other diseases.

Such was the ravage of death, that all fell victims to that insatiate foe, save Loise. It often appears, Providence, in willing gifts to his creatures, suddenly deprives us of equal blessings. Mr. Calledon, in receiving his child, mourned the loss of her mother:—death, that monster, had made such a cavern in his heart, and deprived him of all his dear little ones, yet it was a slight sacrifice he experienced, to the loss of that dear companion, who had suffered so much, for his sake alone. They selected North Carolina, in preference to South, hearing the air was more salu-

brious, and the soil equal in fertility. He had always possessed little firmness in the hour of trial, and this made him more sensible of the loss, of that partner, who had previously soothed all his sorrows, and whose characteristic qualities, were patience, gentleness, long-suffering, goodness, and a firm reliance on the Invisible Being, who afflicts to display His mercy.—She married against the consent of her parents, who were rich, and powerful, fruitlessly endeavoring to soften them by every art a fond heart could devise, by her simple but feeling eloquence. Yet they would not be reconciled to a mere merchant's son.

Four years after her marriage, found her an inhabitant in a strange land, famed for the abundance of soil, but often the grave of strangers.

The little Loise was the perfect image of her mother although beautiful ; and interesting to the heart of her father, yet she could not fill the void left by his departed wife. He knew he was declining, and gave her to the care of a poor widow, whose name was Allison. She was a German by birth, and possessed of a good heart, and amiable disposition. The father of our heroine felt no uneasiness but she would do her part, faithfully, 'till some of her relations would claim her. For this purpose, he wrote to her uncle, enlarged much upon the misfortunes, and afflictions, they had experienced since they had left England, and closed with these impressive words, "Accept the child of your sister,' in the name of compassion, visit not the sin of her parents,on the unfortunate orphan;—for if it is a crime to love, we have been the deepest of sin-

ners." Ere she had reached her fifth year, Loise was an orphan—she was too young to sense her bereavement and she soon forgot to cause her *new* mother the pang of inquiry, "if her papa would never come to see her?"

The land was rented out, and the proceeds was to maintain the orphan, until her uncle should come for her; should it prove otherwise, Mrs. Allison was to take her charge, as her own, and conduct her pittance as she thought proper.

It was a lengthened date for news to reach England then; chances were doubtful, and very little to be depended on.

Mrs. Allison was much attached to her little adopted, and made no distinctions between her, and her own fond, Albert, who was a bright boy, and two years the senior of Loise.

Mrs. Allison judging it a kindness, in more fully adopting the orphan, caused her to erase the name of Calledon, and place her own in its stead. She taught her children to call each other, by the tender application, of brother, and sister. The unhealthiness of the place, caused her to remove farther up the country; disposing of all the land, and purchasing a small cottage with land sufficient to till for their support. The pure mountain air, was instantly benificial to her charge, who previously gave evident signs of increased indisposition.

The situation they had chosen was commanding; long chains of mountains with their full crowned forests saluted the eager gaze of Albert and Loise. They

are called the Brushy mountains; the distance from Fayetteville a town generally known in North Carolina—could be estimated about six hundred miles, a continued rising of hills all the way, until these beautiful mountains stand before the traveller in all their magnitude and uniformity. The air is salubrious, and the people live to a great age, but they are extremely ignorant. Their language is low Dutch; but they use English with facility. They are very kind and hospitable. These mountains are not so high as those farther beyond, called the Blue Ridge, but are more uniform.

Loise soon adopted the customs of the country, and was as happy, as thoughtless childhood could make her. She was too young ever to sense her orphanage, and she could feel no difference in either of her companions, the one, an affectionate mother, and the other, a dearly beloved brother. Health that much prized blessing, visited their humble cottage: peace, contentment, and competency, crowned their happiness.

Mrs. Allison never disclosed the birth of Loise, thinking it best to conceal, what would little avail if it were known; she might indulge hopes, which if blasted, would forever unfit her, for her present life: infuse ideas of discontent; and render her unhappy with those she was accustomed to amalgamate; and another idea intruded upon her disinterested heart.

Albert was her constant companion; he was a bright boy, and too good looking to a mother's fond eye, not to make an impression on the artless heart of the or-

phan, while her own beauty, was sufficient to inspire the thought of love in her son. This could be easily remedied, by always concealing her birth, and allowing them to consider, they were brother, and sister; for if the time ever arrived that she should be claimed, to find her the wife of a dutch farmer, would ill suit the high notions of her friends, and save her the mortification of witnessing Albert's unhappiness, and her integrity from the reproach, of imposing on her unprotected state: allaying her own conscience in performing her duty; thus reasoned the kind mother; and Albert, and Loise grew up like another Paul and Virginia

Loise was now in her teens, and yet she joined Albert in all his sports; for whole days they were at the waters edge, indulging in that facinating employment, angling. There they wandered, up and down the flowing creeks; after being wearied in the pursuit, Albert would select some favorite spot, where the wild woodbine, thickly entwined with the honeysuckle, twining their tendrils around the sugar trees, striving for mastery. Beneath this shade, close to the waters edge, they would still amuse the hours away, by winning the silver fish, (that were at times visible) with enticing bate, and then, release them to sport in their own native element, and if this cloyed, he would playfully entwine his fingers in her auburn tresses, gaze in her calm, blue eye, and request some sweet song to beguile the hours away.

Her voice was melody itself; and she would warble some German ditty, taught by his mother, who had

instructed them both in the language, but seldom used it, save when she read that dear memento in every German's heart, their Bible, and Almanac. These, Loise could read with facility; nor was her knowledge limited here, she could read English right off, without stopping to spell a word, and she could write her name very distinctly.*

Albert at last gave up the controversy, that his sister could beat him clear, in English; the reason was plain; his Germam brogue interfered with his pronunciation; he never inquired why it was so, he considered her possessed of a brigher intellect.

But Albert and Loise never neglected their domestic duties, by idly passing their time in amusements alone. Their mother had early instilled habits of industry in her children, for as soon as the gathering darkness, was visibly dispersing to the lighter hue of gray, the light form of Loise, was seen gathering that nutriment so much prized in the country. Long, ere the God of day illuminted the heavens, the duties of the dairy were discharged; after releasing that garrulous gang the geese, to graze at pleasure among the deep ravens of the mountains, she would trip to the fowl yard, and her approach was greeted by peacocks with their peculiar screech; turkeys, the chattering guinea hens, ducks, fowls, all joined in one uninterupted discord; but this was music to the ears of Loise, and at

* This is not at all uncommon, for even in these modern days, in this country, rich planters daughters, have not these accomplishments to boast of, and they themselves are often obliged to asert a cross instead of their name.

night when the labors of the day had ceased, and Albert free to join her, she would invariably direct his attention, to this world of her own superintendance. She took far more delight in showing these treasures, than modern fair ones in displaying their costly jewels; it is only at times, when Albert's labour was little needed, that they revelled in the privilege of wandering. In rural amusements, angling was a favorite; it gave them more leisure to converse on sweet nature, and view her stores unrolled; for if their minds were buried in ignorance, to express in figures their admiration, in viewing the richly bordered creeks, the pathless forest, mountains and valleys full crowned, there is a language given by the Framer of the universe;—and there is a sublimity of feeling centered in our hearts inmost recesses, that gives us the power of nature's expression. How often do we admire the beauty of indian eloquence—is it toschools of the white man, they are thus indebted for, their knowledge? would they not spurn the idea, of instructing the unsophistacated son of the forest? what then?—it is a voice that is heard in the wilderness—that voice is nature!—that teacher God!

CHAPTER II

A lonely child,
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.—*Moore.*

While Albert tilled the ground, and was initiated in all the labors of a farmer, Loise assisted her mother in all the arts of domestic industry; she could spin, and weave her own garments, and not *her own only*, but assist her mother in preparing those of Albert.

She was always delighted, to see him on sunday, ride by her side, in attendance, to their village church, with a new suit of her own manufacture. Loise was of an age now, which in that country attracts more or less suitors; but she seldom amalgamated in close bands of friendship; and Albert, imitated her example. Their reserve never caused malice, so naturally attendant on acknowledged superiority, for if by chance, they were associated in company with the villagers, their bearing always convinced them it was from no high notions, they had estranged themselves from society, but simply that they were contented in each others company. The idea never occured, but they were what they seemed to be: in their hearts simplicity, the title was proverbial; they were another Jonathan and David; but the kind mother had long remained a dormant observer of this selfish intercourse of her children: she awaked, as if some volcanic power had made an inhabitant in her unsuspecting heart, and brought forth a convulsion; her kind heart had long slumbered in the thought that nature

was not triumphant, over art, or evasion; the blind was divested of its covering, it was visible to the distressed parent;—that they loved too deeply for human power to control, or if fate should separate them, ever to bury the remembrance of each other. She saw too late—they were ignorant of their connection, and used their titles as familiarly, as children from one common mother.

War—war, exterminating war, was now proclaimed through city, town, and country; even this village, so nearly isolated, was not exempt from the general fate.

Albert was warned to appear at the village among the crowd, to stand his chance, with the drafted of his country. The sound of the pipe and the drum had ever been music to his martial ear, and rousing to his heart; and with that sound, and the deep thrilling tones, with which the captain addressed the assembled, a something whispered, "would that I was *one* of the chosen."

His wishes were fulfilled, and Albert, the beautiful, was called upon to be the brave—and as his captain gazed upon his noble brow, and the lineaments of his countenance that bespoke ingeniousness, he could not help exclaiming,—"Why, a score of such Americans as you, could easly put an army of red coats to flight:" The praise had its due effect, on the already excited enthusiasm of Albert, and he bounded home, with the lightness of one of his own pet deers, to prepare for his departure.

But where was Loise, and his widowed mother?—

So filled was his enthusiastic heart, by the eloquence of his captain, for his bleeding, enslaved country, that no thought of home, or its inmates, ever crossed his mind: vivid descriptions of victories, already gained, alone rested there, and it was not till he reached a mountain, from whose base, he surveyed the neat, white cottage, with white pailings to enclose a spot much valued, by our martial hero,—that house, its inmates, all, it strangely contrasted with the scenery around, came to his heart with the thought he must leave them.

It was the first of January, and winter still appeared in all its rugged sternness: the grass had given place to the broom corn; the cattle wandered restless, vainly endeavoring to find the cheering green. The snow on the mountain tops, was still visible by their whiteness: all nature was cold, and barren.

"And this," said the youth, as he had paused to survey the scene, "is but a sad presentiment of my return; but I will not indulge in such feelings—my country calls—my honor is to obey—Sister; dear Loise: what if the English should penetrate these wild domains, and—and—no, I must not, I cannot yield thus—my mother will protect her, and yet she is old and helpless—Oh! I cannot leave them—I will run back and tell the captain, Albert had a mother and a sister to protect—and then," said the sorrowful youth, as he slowly retraced his steps, "did he not say, it was for these ties of affection, we were summoned to protect—'to shield those dear ones,'—were his very words, 'and protect them, if we give

our heart's blood for a recompence?'—I will to battle!"—and his former animation returned—"my life is nothing, if those are saved my God has given me to love, he may take my life, since it preserves my kindred!"

The noble youth little considered how essential his own life was, to their happiness. Did Loise join with his sentiments?—Her reply was simply, "Albert, I love my country—but I love you better:" Yet she could not alter the decree of fate.—If Mrs. Allison was uncertain as to the nature of their affection, this trying hour of parting, partook of deeper feelings, than the ties of consanguinity could justify. It was now, in these deep forests, the mother, and the daughter, first experienced a loneliness, and utter desolation: it had never crossed the heart of Loise, that she must be seperated from her brother, and for cruel custom too. "Albert said he would try to come back—mother, what did he mean to leave us always?" said the innocent girl, as she threw back a profusion of curls from her lovely face, disclosing the most heart aching picture of despair; "do you believe, mother," continued Loise, while the tears almost prevented utterance —"can you think he will never return? Alas, it is a cruel war to deprive us of a protector and a friend!—I may never see him more! Mother, I never wish to see any one else—my playmate is gone—my peace is fled with him forever."

Her mother was but a poor comforter—Albert was her all, her only hope—she yielded 'the widow's mite' for her country's freedom: but when she replied to

Loise's incessant questions, she would fold her to her bosom, and call her the child of her love—the comfort of a bereaved heart.

"Mother you fear with me that Albert will never come back—I see by your tears—dry them dear mother, it is mine that causes you such grief—come, I will be better, indeed I will—I can do every thing for you, Albert taught me, you shall not miss him, so I will—I can do all *his* work—I have thought so much of him, if you believe me dear mother, I have neglected much of my own; but I'll be better now, and will make you better."

"Dear child you cannot."

"Oh, yes, mother, I have much time, you see I have not Albert to run about with—I can get some of the men to do the hardest, as Albert did, and I can see it is all right."

CHAPTER III.

"But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.—*Cowper.*

Albert was among the warriors of his country, and nobly did he distinguish himself at the battle of the Cowpens, so famous in history. It was a glorious day for him, and for Carolina.—His captain had promoted him to second in command to himself, although but 18 years of age: many were promoted

even younger, at this time; it was bold bravery, that filled the vacancy of military skill.

Allison was fired with enthusiasm—he had but to think of his dear Loise, and his no less unprotected mother—it was like the tone of his captain to the drooping spirits of his soldiery. An oration in those days, was as corn and wine to the fainting souls of the exhausted men, filling every nerve with increased bravery, and inspiring them to daring deeds.

In those days, it appears to the feeling heart, that the Almighty, as in the days of Moses, once more visited the earth, and overruled with his all powerful arm, a second favored Israel! America, thou art blest indeed!—for Omnipotence guides this freeborn world!—but still like the backsliding Israelites, thou art guilty of ingratitude!—The flush of riches has crushed the recollection of thy forefathers to the dust —like a beautiful flower, that has given incense to thy treasured vase, when its day of blossoming has past, and its sweetness perished, the neglected rose is cast from its stem, to waste away forgotten, and and die unremembered! It is almost impossible to believe some facts—even repeated by the revolutionists—of the dangers they had passed through—many victories gained, which if there had not been an Almighty hand to assist them, it would have been impossible to achieve, so great was the superiority of numbers against them.

The celebration of that day, when Independence was undoubtedly authorised throughout the United States, is becoming stale to the degenerate sons of

America. Does the child ever forget the unjust chastisement of a parents infliction?—even when matured age casts an oblivious thought over other childish recollections, it never can. Then is it not astonishing, and degrading to record, that the sons of America, can so soon forget their ire towards England, or the heart's blood of their forefathers, which was shed to secure the enjoyment of their present liberty.—Their spirits rise up in amazement, and warn America of future curses!—In the language of prophecy, "Thy lands and thy riches may yet be subject to an invading foe—a foreign power!" Then arouse, sons of America, from your dormant lethargy, and come forth champions of freedom, grateful in recollection for the past, in reserving at least *one day*, set apart for the zeal of true patriots.

Lieutenant Allison was a perfect example of bravery—he was almost idolized by his soldiers, and more especially by his captain. He had not heard from his home: if he had conveyance, he knew not how to write to those dear friends; who, amidst the clash of swords, the firing of cannon, and the dread tumult of war, were never absent from his memory: and for the first time he experienced the want of education; then with what feelings did he now struggle with life, and obey his rulers by following their retreat, giving that merciless Lord Cornwallis, the sure pathway to his beloved cottage?

CHAPTER IV.

Now does he feel his title,
Hang loose about him, like a giants robe,
Upon a dwarfish chief.—*Shakespeare.*

How wears the time with our heroine?

In the village near her residence two travellers were seen to wind around the road that led to the village, splendidly arrayed in military costumes.

It could not be Albert Allison? was on every lip.

"He must be vastly altered," said a gossip—a female too—truth will out—"to wear such a coat as that, why see for yourself, it is clear gold and silver!"

"*Hool, dien Muul*—It is a king," said another.

"Why how you talk—they han't got but one king," said the other, "and there is two of 'em."

"It is his queen disguised;" said a third.

The travellers little heeded the gaze of the multitude, for by the time they arrived at the inn, (if a house formed of logs, with lofts for nightly accommodations, can be so termed) they enquired of the group of villagers (who had evacuated their houses to view this phenomenon! indeed the whole village was in commotion; from the crawling infant, to its aged grandsire!) for the landlord! and immediately he appeared from among the crowd, a withered, pinched up, visage, with a long flowing beard, his eyes sunk the length of their sword hilts, and a form so attenuated that our travellers could hardly be reconciled it

was a human being, for they both simultaneously exclaimed,

"Are you the landlord?"

"Why yes, don't you see for yourself?—why don't ye alight and come in?"

There was no alternative, so they dismounted; seeing for themselves that their steeds were well provided for, and then partook with sharpened appetites, of bacon, eggs, and hommony.

"Ise reckon," said their host, "you've travelled far since you last foddered, you appear to eat a right smart chance·

"Not so far but we can travel farther sir," said one of the guests.

"I was just thinking," said the undaunted host, "you might be after recruits for the king, as you wear a red coat—right queer *truck* too, it is."

"And what if we were?"

"Only it were best for you, to take the same road you come, for the lads are all gone to fight for themselves."

"Your information is useless, since we intended no such mission."

The disappointed host now withdrew, and his absence gave the travellers much pleasure. The one who answered his host with such studied conciseness, appeared to be about forty, perhaps younger, as his looks were rather deceiving; of middle stature, hair that once might have passed for jet, but there was visibly a stray lock, that quarrelled with the color. He was rather good looking, and quite a gentleman. At

present there was a change in his countenance, from the sullen, to a brightness of the visage, an expression intended for a smile; but it sat rather awkwardly on his features, after his recent irritations.

His companion appeared the junior, but there was more lordly bearing in the expression of his pale countenance: he was much above the height of the other, and his dark locks were well directed from his noble brow, his deep dark eyes were bent upon vacancy, as if he was weighing some important cause;—there was an evident emotion, struggling with habitual command, yet his whole appearance was commanding, and engaging; but his restless companion appeared little inclined to allow him the privilege of study; but abruptly addressed him.

"Well, my Lord, does your love for America, increase, with this exploring of mountains, and valleys, among a crew so uncivilized! I would give the brightest five in my pocket, to see this same landlord of this inn, dancing attendance on your lordship, in your house of Castleton;—or what think ye of a comparison, with obsequious Master Sam, landlord of the Hotel in St. John's Street? If he had dared to answer your lordship, as this, half-way-between-this world and another, I'll warrant, you had had him put in stocks ere this; come my Lord, I have an excellent plan, let us take him to England, with us, and astonish London by proclaiming, we have found a *live* Egyptian Mummy in the forests of America?—ha! ha! a good plan and worthy of George himself; If I say it that ought not: what think ye, Lord of the sombre brow."

"Rutledge—every country has its peculiar customs, and appearances; if the poor man, has had the privilege of living longer, than is customary among us, it is no more than we all wish: life is sweet, borne in ever so rough a casket! and as to his sentiments, his age might protect them, if you suppose him so insignificant, why chafe at them?"

"There, my Lord, no more, for the sake of the hue of my coat, forbear; it feels rather loose already, to hear your sentiments: your's, I suppose, has turned blue in your own mind."

"Not so bad as you represent, Rutledge; nature asserts her rights, and England is my native land: I am not rebel enough,to assume a dress, my conscience would ever condemn me in."

"Well my Lord, do you suppose Greene will come off conquerer, and send us with repentant hearts, to this same land of our nativity?"

"The chances of war are doubtful, and in my present humor, I care not to converse of politics."

"Castleton, are you mad?—you are, stark mad—if I was to report to Cornwallis, two of your heinous offences, I know not what would be the consequences, —first, to exculpate your enemies, the next an entire indifference to the millions of your countrymen, whose lives are in danger; as well as your own kindred."

"All my kindred, will not be sufferers if we are overcome."

"For Heaven's sake, Castleton, feel at your temples:—I am certain they throb tumultuously; you are insane: I am convinced you are—my Lord, are you in England or America?"

"If these rough boards," said his lordship with a smile, "that threaten me immediate transportation to some abyss below, cannot convince me, I have but to peak through this cranney in the logs, and view mountains and valleys, with the stranges figure that inhabit them, and were I a greater maniac even than you think, I might recognize America."

"This is rational, now another question, and I have done—is the life of this unknown girl, of more value to you, than those of your own countrymen, with whom you have faced battle, with such approved bravery, that Cornwallis, in your assumed name, gave you as a sample to his followers, dearer, Castleton, than your own life?"

"The orphan of the injured, demands peculiar attention—it was for this I left England—my brothers can answer your question, more to your mind;—for myself, now I have traced her rustic home, I will rest not, till the injured has had due justice."

"No more of controversy,—Castleton, forgive me, if I have said ought to wound you; the life of the soldier, that is habituated to sights of ghastly wounds, and dying groans, is ever too indifferent to the feelings of nature. God grant you may find the creature and award her justice:—long life, and blessings of her kindred, be her recompence."

"Poor young thing—Rutledge, how do you suppose she will grace her uncle's board?"

"I trust, saving your feelings, she will not disgrace her station."

"I have little reason to hope she will do me much honor; but Allison's account was encouraging."

"Yes, true, as far as the *mould* of her; he also said she was as ignorant as himself: youth is the time to bend the twig—I fear with all your pains for her improvement, she will savor too much of these German boors."

"Let us hope for the best, and trust the rest to heaven," said his lordship, as he painfully felt the truth of the observation.

"And what course do you intend to pursue next, for the recovery of this incognitia? I'll say—these secluded dells which to the view, require the patience of old father Job to penetrate, will be a puzzle; for you might as well be seated in lady Amelia's drawing room, admiring her exotics, as to indulge a hope—"

"Why Rutledge, you are the old prophet's comforter, I trow; if *my* mind was subservient to *your's*, little would avail perseverance; but to remove your perplexity, I shall follow Allison's directions, and attend in person at the village church, as she never failed in attending."

"Alone my Lord, over pathless forests alone."

"Not exactly, while Albert was with her, the good mother would stay, and prepare their food; but now he has left them, she would not go without her—so says my informer."

Mine host now appeared, to conduct them to their lofts for the night, and the travellers yielded readily to the balmy restorer.

The next morning, the travellers were seen exploring the country; viewing the scenery; Rutledge himself, acknowledged it was sublime. As they

wound their way silently to the inn, they heard the sepulchral voice of their landlord, exclaiming to the crowd, that flocked around them,

"Whys ye, avaunt to your homes! I'se warrant you'll have your fill of the red coats, before you're many days older: the sight of them is more pleasing to your eyes, than if Washington stood before you;—shame of ye, for Americans!" The abashed crowd dispersed slowly, and with feelings truly loyal; for a reprimand, from this prior prerogative in a village—a landlord—was as much regarded as an emperor over realms.

CHAPTER V.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart!—
* * * * *
I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart.—*Byron.*

The next day the villagers arrayed themselves with peculiar care, to attend their village church, hoping to catch a sight of the handsome Englishman. All the people from far and near, were now gathered, and the mild look of their pastor, seated in his rough hewn pulpit, quietly considering his sermon, and the orderly behaviour of his flock, were at that solemn ime peculiarly impressive. All hearts felt the knowledge of their Creator,—a thing to be desired—and their minds for instruction, were prepared by a deep sense of their own unworthiness, and firm reliance

on the Father—God. The pastor had risen, and motioned to his flock, by the uplifting of both hands, to follow his example, to rise for prayer: when a faint exclamation, met his offended ear—

"My God! is it not Caroline—my injured sister!"

There was a deeper stillness in that house of God—and the pastor proceeded solemnly, but firmly, in his morning's benediction; and the noble Lord Castleton, knelt down amid the multitude; his prayer was almost audible, and the gossips that were near him, said he murmured something, of thanks to the Almighty for directing him to the orphan—He was so far composed through the reading of the 15th chapter of Luke, that after this attention, the pastor was heard to pronounce forgiveness on the stranger, for breaking the rules of his church. If Lord Castleton was composed in the reading of this chapter, and listening to a hymn that an hundred discordant voices, thrilled through the tympanum of his ears; not so Rutledge, who appeared to chafe with the sound, and relish withal his rough hewn bench as he would a couch of stone.

The text was now read with emphasis—"Father I have sinned against heaven," et cetera. The pastors want of education was overlooked by Castleton, in hearing him enlarge upon the prodigal—and closing with the following applicable remarks: "The repentant heart is always acceptable in the sight of God—What an affecting example we have, in the meeting of the Father and Son—with what affection, my brethren, did the Father admit him again, to his bosom—

to his happy home—where he could sport in the green fields, with his kindred—the earth yields her increase by the returned prodigal—the diligent labor, the severity of his aspect combined with the smiles of his former bereaved kindred, assure him, that all is right within. What emotions of *pleasure*, *swell* his *parent's* heart, to behold the one, who *was* lost—and *is* found—*was* dead, and *is* alive."

Castleton could bear no longer—the allusion, although accidental, was too pointed, and powerful for human nature to bear.

Naturally of a stern, unyielding temperament, Lord Castleton was the most opposed to his sister's union; she was his favorite sister, and he fondly anticipated seeing her some day united to some peer of the realm—and then to see her alienated—act opposite to all their wishes by a marriage so degrading to her birth—he never could be reconciled.

Caroline was sensible of the affection she had lost, in so stern a brother. "But the stern have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern" In truth, towards her he was all gentleness;—and the loss of him was the only thought that caused her to regret her union. She fondly hoped for his repentance; but long after she was married, this hope ceased to comfort her; "I have angered him for ever," she would say—"and his anger has gathered like a snow ball—dearest of brothers, had I been permitted to retain your friendship, I would not have sighed for the others,"—she would often weep at the recollection of his former attachment, and then exclaim, "I have forfeited it, for

wrong ideas of birth and parentage—surely we are of one common parent, who sees no distinctions; if I have erred may he forgive me." Many were the letters she indited to her brother, to overlook the past —it was all in vain—he would not. It was not till the letter already recorded, bearing an emblem of her death, with the misfortunes and afflictions, in a strange land, that lord Castleton awakened to a sense of *her* sufferings and *his own* cruelty. The amusements of the world had allayed his conscience, and the multiplicity of his own affairs, buried the thoughts of the orphan in oblivion; and it was not till the war broke out between the parent country and the colonies, that he determined to seek the orphan.

The letter only recorded the state where she resided, and the name of her guardian. His brothers accompanied him, little caring for the orphan. New scenes, and the novelty of their expedition, and inveteracy against the Americans, were the chief reasons for enlisting among their numerous countrymen.

Castleton had left the church followed by the delighted Rutledge, who had irritated himself into a state of perspiration, although it was cold enough to freeze the drops that exhaled from his face.

"I must keep sight of her, Rutledge," said the subdued Earl, "My life depends on the image of my long lost Caroline. Oh! Rutledge! you can at last see what Royalty can descend to. I have been strangely neglecftul of this duty;—my birth is now spurned, for my peace of mind didst ever cast a sister's love from thy bosom, Rutledge?"

"Why, Margaret would cast herself away if I did not, you know what a piece of prim she is."

"Without any provocation," continued the Earl, "save the proving a woman's fate to love her husband, and follow him through weal or woe. This is the only crime the dear sister of my heart committed: am I not a Barbarian, a barbarossa indeed?"

"Spare yourself, my lord, she did not seek your affection—she forfeited all rights by her elopement with one she knew could never be received on an equality with your noble family—she has received the fruits of her disobedience by the law of scripture itself. The divine writ says——"

"Rutledge, this has been the error I have cherished for many long years;—she did solicit my affection by all the power her feeble pen could dictate;—she sought it for years; and although I would not forgive, she still remained faithful to me, by willing me all she possessed, her orphan Loise—sweet name, fitted for the mountains she has sported in—simple, and innocent, and dear to the heart of her uncle: but, Rutledge, did you see this paragon of beauty? I fear I shall grow childish of this gift."

"No, your lordship, I was too much engaged to follow the direction of your gaze, to see the electricity your words produced on this uncivilized set, as if one of their wild beasts had burst upon them. It is surprising this drone of a minister can command such order among them; I wish I could command the power of a magic wand, to transport him to one of our splendid chapels. The amount of it is, he never would

preach again, and leave these rough-scuffs to preach among themselves."

"Which would make them fit associates for the savages, who exterminate each other."

"America would lose so much population, my lord, and you, as a true Englishman, ought devoutly to wish such a revolution might take place—these mountaineers, though ever so little skilled in the arts of war, I would not myself like to grapple with them."

"I believe you, Allison is a proof of that, I can attest."

CHAPTER VI.

"Farewell, Ionia! be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save *one*, were of thee!
Byron.

Lieutenant Allison, was at this time a prey to a thousand confused ideas. At the battle of Cowpens, where he was first distinguished for his bravery, there was an incident occurred, that to ponder upon almost drove reason from her throne. In the heat of battle, Allison bore on, imitating the war cry of his captain, "for death or victory!" as soon as he perceived victory was on their side, and at the sight of an English officer wearing the emblems of rank, bearing upon the life of his captain, he had left his post, fainting with accumula ing wounds, but this sight stimu'ated—and Allison again returned to the combat with renewed vigor, bearing against his adversary—Albert near-

ly overcome him, when he fell by his side. Lord Castleton was on the point of ending his daring bravery, when the uncovered hand of Allison saved his life ; for it bore a ring that Castleton in the heat of battle, and surrounded by danger, discovered to be a gift to his own sister. Bearing the wounded Lieutenant, by the help of his men, from the field, he was now anxious to restore the life of one, who but a few minutes previous, he was striving to overcome. His wounds bled profusely—calling a surgeon, appointed to heal the afflicted, he soon applied restoratives that recovered his life: after salving his wounds, his Lordship awaited till he was composed, sufficiently to relate, and satisfy his great anxiety; in the meantime to be assured of the idendity of the ring, he pressed a spring, known only to himself, and there discovered, enclosed the same hair by him deposited—and which well compared with his own dark locks. The ring was jet, set with diamonds; it was, however, little he could glean from Allison—The ring was given him by his sister Loise; and but for her name, and his own, he would have been as wise previous to their meeting as now—but this was a clue—it must be the same—stimulated by the directions of the Lieutenant, he intended first to release his prisoner, and then, immediately to commence his journey; but he found considerable difficulty, in obtaining a passport from the British camp, to his own ; this delay wore on his restless feelings, for he could not leave the son of his niece, adopted relative, in distress, nay, for certain death.—The rank of Castleton effected what a pri-

vate would despair of obtaining. As Cornwallis joined his forces with those of Tarlton, he sought him in person, and related his story; but that brutal Lord was so chafed with his recent defeat, that he wished the rebel strung up, as an example. However, the ire of Castleton forced him to render the wished for passport. The wounded Lieutenant now left the British camp, with feelings truly pitiable; he was in a labyrinth of conjecture, as to the birth, and parentage of Loise. The story of Castleton was fair; he could mean no harm to his sister, and then the thought that there was no connexion between them, almost deprived him of reason.

"If her birth is proved," said he, as he was silently wending his way alone,—"Oh! my mother! this was cruel concealment—I see through it—she was wise—it might have proved worse for us both," and the blood rushed to his pale cheek, as he exclaimed, "He would spurn the connexion of a Dutch nephew!—poor little dove; to be transplanted to a foreign soil, it would ill suit the bird of the grove to be immured in a city, where the pure air of heaven is absorbed to stagnation.—My life is saved—Loise will be grateful, for so deep is her affection for her German brother, even this circumstance will cast away half of her timidity, towards the preserver.—I never shall see her more—we never shall wander as we have done, and call forth each others ideas—no more will she listen with delight, to the carol of the songsters, as they warble their morning orisons, and divested of half their wildness, by her ever ready hand. Her own pet deers,

will in vain look for the accustomed hand, to bound forth at the dawn of morn, and follow through her varied duties. Long will her own little world, her fowl yard, listen for the noiseless step of their friend, to release them from confinement. Years will roll their remembrance in waters that never revolve back again, to the mind of Loise. The adulation of titled royalty alone, will find admission there. Oh! Loise! fond sister of my heart! will the remembrance of thy rough Albert, ever enter thy unsullied thoughts, amid the glare of wealth, and titled dignity? will he, too, be among the forgotten! yes, all, all will be buried in oblivion; and some Earl, or Marquis alone, will live in your remembrance, scathing all the freshness of thy youth, vitiating thy simplicity. Ah! me, my mother! I fear you will ere long be childless!"

What was his surprise on gaining his former encampment, to find it buried in solitude. Weak and exhausted, he was almost willing to lie down there, and die; but life ever sweet even to the most harrassed, still spurred him on. He now fell in with a party of scouts, and by them was informed of the reason of the evacuation. It thrilled his heart for the moment; but following the direction of the guides, at last, wearied, and exhausted, he arrived at head quarters.

After relating his story to his commander, he retired to his own company, and his own captain, who received him joyfully. They had surmised he either was overlooked among the slain, or taken prisoner, which was now certain death. Next, came the final battle in North Carolina.

Lieutenant Allison was sufficiently recovered, to supply his station; but the watch word that thrilled with enthusiasm every nerve of his heart, was silenced—the enemies of his country were Loise's own kindred. Long did he try to banish her from his heart; his country's glory, was rising like the Phenix from its ashes: the cause was prosperous. He knew the success of America was not confined to Carolina, but extended across the deep. The spirit of freedom wafted victory to all her sons. He was among the first to embrace her cause, and now, alas! there was a change came over him. Dark, and shadowless, his spirits were fast leaving him; in vain his captain exhorted him in behalf of his soldiers. He was possessed with a demon—his arms were powerless.

"Will you see your own soldiers surpass you in bravery, Allison?" but the words hardly fell from his superior, before he fell, covered with wounds. He was much beloved in his company: one of the soldiers threw down his arms, and bore his wounded Lieutenant away from the field.

After placing him cautiously upon the earth, he immediately procured some water from his canteen, and wiped the face of Allison, until animation returned, for a few moments.

"Where am I?—Allen, is it you?"

"Yes, sir, you are safe, fear not, I trust you will be better directly."

"No, my friend in affliction, never—but Allen, will you do me a favor?"

"Any, sir, in my power."

"I have a mother, and sister—no not a sister, but one I love *as well*, yes *better*, Allen."

"I understand," said the softened soldier, who wept at his allusion.

"Will you go there, the captain will tell you; he will release you; I have done him some personal service, he cannot deny you; I am dying, Allen;" he gave him some more water which recovered him a while. "I am going to another world! God be merciful unto my soul! and pardon my transgressions; watch over my aged mother, and keep her in the hollow of thy hand; protect the orphan from harm, and crown the end of her life with thy blessings; may my image never be erased from her heart, till we are joined with thee reunited! where we all shall be as the angels—where there is no distinctions of birth, but as one, praising the Almighty name!—Give me your hand—Allen, my sight is dim—don't forget, promise, there, you will be blest. Oh, my mother! tell them I died for them, and my country. Dearest Loise! one more word—" but he sunk exhausted—a short respiration, and all was over!

"Poor Allison! thine was a short career," said Allen Pritchard, "God rest thy soul in that land, where war is never known!" As he turned to depart, a gold chain attracted his gaze, that was suspended around his neck; by the appearance, he had endeavored to divest himself of it. Allen found great difficulty, his fingers were so clenched around it, in the struggle of death—it was evident this was what he endeavored to speak of. Attached to the chain, was the figure of a

heart, of the same metal. The good Allen, fearing others might claim it for booty, secured it himself, trusting to obtain the captain's consent, he would then return it to the owner, doubtless considering it a gift from the betrothed of his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

"Now I see the mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son.—*Shakspeare.*

"Ha! Rutledge, this is love in a cottage, to perfection; what think you, my lady would say to this?"

"I doubt not, my lord, her keen eye would emit sparks of the monster so much dreaded—"

"Which of all Leviathans, jealousy is the surest to take depth in the heart; this, I fear little, knowing the disposition of Amelia too well. You know we were never blest with children—she will as quickly adopt this lovely image of my sister as myself, as she was intimate with her as far as court ladies understand the term."

"But do you suppose, my Lord, you will ever gain her consent; you would not force the artless creature to abandon her mountains: it appears rather cruel to my mind."

"She is rather inconsistent: at first, she said if her mother would go with her, she was willing, if such was my pleasure, for she could not bear the idea of leaving her here alone, but now that objection is removed; she still hesitates."

"Castleton," said the disguised Marquis, "do you think nature a sufficient guide for our affections? do you suppose, if you were cast in a wilderness in your youth, with that guide for the ignorant, would it be a security sufficient, even were you taught to consider, there were ties of consanguinity existing?"

"I understand you, Marquis, you allude to Lieutenant Allison, and the probability of an attachment, existing between him and my neice. I am in a quandary myself—and perhaps mortals are not gifted with the knowledge of such things; but Loise's increased inconsistency, leads me to believe, knowing she has no connexion with the youth, that she awakes to a reality of love, either founded on fraternal affection, or existing by nature, as the order of that exalted passion directs. It must be left; the knowledge possessed by either cannot solve the mystery."

"Allowing the truth of your argument, are you doing justly, to separate these, so closely united by years of tried affection? Have you considered the penalty of transplanting a forest flower?"

"Marquis of Eggleston! no more! she is dear to me—I sense it more every moment of my life. In her, I view the unfolding beauties of Caroline, when she was in childhood; and Loise is not much more advanced. She is possessed of the same quick intellect, she is so bright, and beautiful—Eggleston, I have endured a long voyage and storms and tempests, faced the battle in all its horrors; and now, that I have found her, I cannot yield her passively."

"For the latter, my lord, she would scarce thank

you, since it was so near death, to her Albert. Come my lord, what think ye of having a wedding here? collect these German Boors, send for Allison, as your mission was justice to the orphan ; this would meet her approbation more than all the costly jewels you have presented her. To be sure, I for myself, should regret to see those beautiful curls pushed under a muslin cap, to show to the damsels *here* that she has bowed to the altar of Hymen! but it is their custom, Loise informed me, and with a few of your lace ruffles sewed together for that purpose—she might soon still become royalty!

" Your humor is bearable, Marquis, if you do not blend it with too much severity; this marriage would never meet my approbation.

" Hurrah for old England; said the humorous Marquis, royalty will out, it is there, the shoe pinches, so, my lord, suppose you had found this wild rose, entwined with the oak, what would you then?"

" Return as I come, my mission was protection;" said his lordship, aroused to feelings he was in vain endeavoring to crush in the bud."

"With all this boasted repentance, Castleton, I see a little of the old Adam, yet. Your visit to America has not altered your sentiment. I had my doubts—but they have vanished like mist before the sun. His majesty will receive you at last, as a loyal subject."

"I trust I shall ever remain true to the throne, said my lord, willing to change the theme, otherwise I were worse, than the provincialists. I should like to hear how goes the day with Cornwallis, should you not?"

Eggleston was as inattentive to the question, as his lordship had been on a previous occasion. The Marquis although advanced in years, was possessed with youthful spirits; and as many, older than our heroines titled lover, has been susceptible of the beauty and simplicity of youthful maidens, it will not cause a great sensation of wonder in our readers, that this royal dignity should sense the pang of unrequited love. She was vastly superior in beauty, and natural sense, than he had formed the least idea, when considered as an unsophistocated child of the forest.

He covered his infatuation, under a light exterior, deep and subtle; he determined to penetrate the inmost thoughts of her uncle. It was not to be doubted, he now exulted in the prospect of gaining this flower for his own. Castleton knew his rank; there, he was safe. He left England for the same reason with Castletons brothers, and trusted to obtain aggrandizement in military renown. He had assumed the name of Rutledge by which his lordship had addressed him.

The retreat of Greene, had caused a suspension, of hostilities for awhile. The novelty of the Earls expedition, caused him to accompany him, as they had ever been on terms of intimacy; little thinking he would lose that, which military renown, could never fill.

"Ha, Eggleston, I have you on the hip: what, you too, indifferent, on the subject, that millions of your countrymen's lives, are on the pivot of destruction: for what are your brows so deeply contracted? as if the edges would cause an uncomfortable irritation, with the most prominent feature in your face."

"Me:—my lord—I was only planning a scheme of warfare—"

"Well said, let's hear it, I always admired new inventions, if it meet with my approbation, I will present it in person, to Cornwallis. Who knows but it may be the gaining of America? your fame may be recorded for posterity. Come, lay it forth here, I will supply you with pencil and paper."

"You are disposed to use satire, blended with great condescension; when I have it matured, I will give it you for inspection."

* * * * * * * *

"Are the dangers your uncle has passed, of so little consequence, Loise," said the fond uncle, as they were all collected in the piazza, that shaded their cottage, viewing the surrounding scenery, at the close of a pleasant day in spring.

"Your dangers and your happiness, I have considered, uncle, since you have taught me to call you so; perhaps I am too selfish not to thank you more for your goodness; but I do not sense so much happiness, as some might, on hearing so brilliant a life depicted before me; but you say, mother, you will go. What! and leave Albert: He will have no mother and sister, to comfort him after he returns to his cottage."

"I fear, child, there is little chance of his return; the war appears in its infancy. O cruel fate, how different from my hopes! But I will not be selfish, although I feel so much attached *here*, yet I will leave my son, and my country, to the God who directs such things to be, for the life of this pledge, who

has ever been my greatest care: to be left alone I cannot—I have no kindred!"

"Oh, say not so, mother, I will still be your daughter. I am sure I shall love you just as well, as if I were; yes for you are going with me, and I should be afraid to go alone."

"Fear with your uncle, Loise? I am grieved, you depend so litttle on my—"

"No, dear uncle," and as she playfully put her hand on his mouth, to suppress the unfinished sentence, he pressed it to his lips; "it is not what you infer; but I said it in my ignorance: for I thought it would look better to have a female companion; I know not the fashions of the world, and fear I shall credit you little."

"You are capable of improvement, and also have a wish to learn, have you not?"

"Oh yes, sir, if the knowledge will make me better—I always thought the civilized committed less sin."

"And who taught you that? your drone of a minister, I suppose," said the Marquis.

"I know not the meaning of your term, sir," she replied, with a visible alteration in her manner; "but I should judge, it was not so respectable as our beloved pastor deserves."

"The gentleman," said her mother, cautiously, "only meant a simple question, to which, you have forgotton to reply."

"Then he may judge by my future exertions to please my uncle."

"Come, my niece," said the interposing Earl, as he perceived his friend was visibly penitent, "Rutledge meant no harm, by his incautious inquiry; he already wishes to recant; you must forgive him: if your German brother was here, Loise, you would soon be convinced, that a soldier seldom thinks of an insult, till after he has expressed it."

"His own love, for his pastor, would direct different phrases than those of insult; but since you require it, he is forgiven."

The Marquis, thus emboldened, directed the attention of Loise to a soldier, who appeared at a loss which path to take.

"If he had not hesitated," said the animated girl, "I should have thought it was Albert himself."

Finding at last, the path that led directly to the door, he spurred his charger, and throwing a packet in the piazza, was out of sight in an instant.—The astonished circle drew around the Earl, who on opening the packet began to read to himself.

"Here, take it Loise, I never can tell you the contents."

"My uncle forgets," said the agitated girl, "I cannot read writing."

"True; here Rutledge, here, relieve their suspense; I will ride to the village, and see if the lazy loons have come with the horses for our journey.—Loise, remember my happiness," he said, as he left them in a state of dreadful supense.

Rutledge soon read the contents which was from the captain, who enlisted Allison. It was but a repitition

of what had transpired, and as Rutledge unfolded the packet, a piece of paper dropped. Loise opened it, and discovered, to her heart-aching sight, the chain and heart! the last gift she had presented to her soldier! The recollection of that painful hour, never was forgotten. Amid the assemblies of crowned heads, and titled royalty, the memory of the deep loss of her own Albert, crossed her thoughts with a shuddering, like death itself—It was a great shock to the widowed mother. 'All who have lost, or fear to lose,' can sense the agony of the bereaved; and when the Earl returned to comfort them, Loise was calm amidst the wreck of her heart. He hoped for the best—judging by her looks, all was over. Appearances are often deceitful. "Waters that babble on their way, proclaim all shallowness; but in their strength deep streams flow silently."

Loise was firm-hearted, and forebore to complain. It was with her adopted parents alone, she could vent the feelings of nature.

"Loise, I propose, by the light of day, to commence our journey; are you prepared?"

"My mother has arranged every thing, uncle."

"Do you still wish to stay."

"No, no, uncle, I wish to go more than I did, much more."

"Oh, sir, said the mother, I anticipated this loss, as it was consistent with the dangers of war: but so soon sir—He was brave, but he was youthful; he has died for his country, and my conscience is acquitted—I have no more—he is the last of my race, and now

sir, as soon as you see fit, I will go to a foreign country, and hide my griefs in the land of my enemies."

"I trust, madam, you will have no cause to repent it," said the benevolent Earl, "you can express, and retain your sentiments, as freely as if you were in your own fair land of contested liberty."

There is one incident previous to their voyage, which is worth recording; it will be obvious to the incorrigible in sentiment, that youth and loveliness, accompanied by an artlessness, and innate love of virtue, are far superior to all outward jewels.

The Marquis of Eggleston, although advanced in years, was so deeply interested towards the orphan, he was determined to hazard the experiment, by offering his hand, heart, and fortune. There were many in merry England, among the red-cheeked lassies, even of noble birth who crossed his thoughts, till this creature of life, shed a double charm over his own life, like a beautiful vision, too sudden and enchanting to be his in reality. To win that affection that was so cruelly crushed in the bud, he endeavored by every art in his power. At last, fearing little success, he applied to the Earl to intercede in his behalf. He seriously acknowledged his affection, and wished him to hasten their union previous to their departure for England.

The plan met the warmest approbation of the Earl; he had always been on the greatest intimacy with the Marquis, who, allowing for his rough speeches, and satirical humor, in the recesses of his heart were hidden many noble qualities.

In place of presenting his lady, and the Court of England, with a simple rustic from the wild mountains, the Earl hoped to present them with the Marchioness of Eggleston; and the undisputed rank of her Lord, would cast away all slurs of plebian birth.

Did Loise so soon forget her German brother?

Her answer to the Earl was simply this—

"Spare me uncle, for a season. I have sacrificed much for you; súrely, you wish my happiness and will allow the privilege the Creator gives to the dove, and the wild birds—I have for your sake suppressed many natural feelings. I had rather die in my own mountains, than unite with a man I can neither love or esteem."

"Loise, do you know of whom you speak? Is the assumed name of the Marquis still so vivid, that you cannot sense his rank?"

"No, sir, I am sensible of both wealth, and rank; but if he pleased me not in his assumed name, I fear he would less so, in the knowledge of a man that would not bear the name of his kindred, at home or abroad."

"Your ideas are too strict by far; you know not you impeach your own uncle, in this respect."

"I sinned through ignorance, and the thought pains me;" and she playfully twisted his dark locks with her polished fingers, "I trusted my uncle was exempt from so useless an imposture."

"Well, no more, my girl, I see you encroach on my title; the pupil instructs her tutor. On the theme of the Marquis, I see no chance of his success; so

he must e'en to battle again, and obtain fame for his country."

"And will you, dear uncle, forgive me, for thus going counter to your wishes?"

"Say no more on the subject, your sainted mother has given me too severe a lesson not to profit by it.—You never shall hear of any more interceding for another—choose for yourself—and the Earl of Castleton shall submit—I was going to say if it was one who—"

"Go on, uncle, I should be delighted to hear you describe the man of my choice, if—!" but her gaiety immediately dissolved into a flood of grief, and putting both hands to her face, as the tears trickled between this insufficient covering, Loise sobbed aloud. It was a sudden exhilerating thought to be relieved from the suit of the Marquis, without incurring her uncle's displeasure, that caused her volatile speech.—But the thought of the one she had chosen, forcibly struck upon that slumbering chord, and the vibration awakened her to a sense of the acutest agony, and for the first time the lovely girl yielded to a passionate grief in the presence of the Earl.

"Loise, my dearest Loise!" said the Earl, softened by her grief, "yield not thus—you distress me—there are many bright youths in merry England, that will soon change these tears of grief to tears of joy.—Look up, niece, your own flowers you have nurtured, teach you, they are far more lovely after a storm."

"I know it," said the sobbing girl, "but some leaves are withered in the trial."

"Yes, Loise, but the stem is still firm with the returning sun to brighten them."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness;
And some have greatness thrown upon them.—*Shakspeare.*

It would be useless to recount the tedious voyage. Storms and dangers attend upon voyages even to merry England. Suffice it, they all arrived, with the exception of the Marquis, safe and sound, in port, and Loise was soon presented to her aunt Amelia, who was possessed of a kind heart; but too much filled with the world, to notice her niece with unbounded affection.

It was now sometime since our heroine had been initiated in the confinement of a city life; if the healthful flush of the rose was faded to the tinge of the lily, by a close confinement to her studies, (for the Earl lost no time in procuring her the best teachers) she was amply compensated in the smiles of her benefactors; and when her studies cloyed, and the Earl's multiplicity of engagements, deprived her of his much prized company, there was her adopted mother—Albert's mother—and days gone by, to live over again:—and she could go out privately with her, and view the astonishing sight of London. To one who views a city, it palls; but the flower of the forest never tired in discussing some new sight, to her attentive mother. They always rode in her uncle's

carriage; to this, Loise much objected, as she wished to be as free as she was in her own cottage. There was an only alternative—the Earl solicited his lady to notice the orphan with a more motherly care; she replied, that her teacher was more capable of instructing her than she was; and added, that she allowed, her rusticity was pleasing awhile; but it soon *bored* her; she was sure the child was welcome from her heart; when she was presented, she would be more of a companion; she entreated him to keep her back; and have her polished, if the thing was possible; if she was not, the king would hardly give her a look.

"Amelia, what can you expect from so immured a creature: poor little wanderer, she knows nothing of the world; she is from the wilds of America; her manners are simple, but her mind is superior, to some of our court ladies; she has perused the *great book* of *nature*, and perhaps has derived more pure, and more refined ideas of creation than you or I possess."

"Oh, she talks well enough—but I trust Chaubert will teach her the graces before the next presentation, she must go then; the king has already been apprized of your arrival, and your intentions of going to the Colonies."

We will pass over a year of our heroine's life, it was a kind of sameness, and little interesting to our readers. The time of her presentation was fast approaching; Loise had expected it with feelings of fear, closely allied to dislike; however, to please her uncle, for whom she felt every obligation of kindness, she endeavored to appear pleased, to gratify him.—

Her trials were great; but a persevering spirit will attain every thing.

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"Come niece, are you ready for the court?" said the Earl, as he gently tapped at the door of her dressing room.

"Quite ready, dear uncle."

"I give you due thanks for your pains on your toilet; indeed you look quite presentable. Marcy has our best thanks, and may yet be maid of honor to the Queen—Lady Amelia, your opinion on our *protege*," said the Earl, as he joined them in the drawing-room; "how do you like those jewels?"

"I think they agree with her rich suit of taffety admirably; but her hair, my Lord: she has permitted her aubern tresses, to flow as nature directs them; those pearls are not sufficient to cover maidenly modesty: the ladies of the court will jest at her; oh dear, she ought to have had a head dress; they will think we have some French servitor, or one of the Welsh tribe —strange, my Lord, you had not seen to it."

"Lady Amelia, were it more proper for the friend of Caroline, or her ignorant brother to superintend such things? A lady's toilet is the last knowledge we seek."

"Pardon James; after all, she looks innocent, and with that long white veil, so thickly embroidered, she may take—"

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"Give way there, we would speak to our Lord o Castleton."

"Ha! my Lord, you are more successful with our rebel subjects, than report brings of our forces in the colonies—a convert to the throne—draw nearer my Lord."

"Loise, the king speaks, be firm, as you were to the Marquis."

Loise, nothing daunted by the glare of royalty itself, still shrunk back from a gazing crowd, who were continually whispering—"Who is that?" "The king speaks to her"—"What a fool!" The last expression was uttered, to be heard by herself alone, and it aroused her to firmness, if it did not awake a loftier feeling.

"We would speak to her, Castleton; we would add our blessing, with the acceptance of our subject."

He pressed her forward to the throne, and was heard to entreat her to kneel; His Grace expected she would comply, but little thought of a refusal.

"Does my uncle request it?" said the artless daughter of the forest, "I never knelt, but to my Creator."

"There, Castleton, we would not force a subject to kneel to their sovereign; I see she savors of her country, and a rebel to her king; I shall have an eye on you for the future, Castleton," said his Grace with a smile, "such a pleasing exterior, combined with such firmness, I fear almost for victory, if she is a fair sample of her country—she is enough to convert the king himself."

This was much for his majesty to say in court publicly, where every word was reported through city, town and country.

After they returned, lady Amelia was in panics—she said she was fearful her rough manners would commit her. "What shall we do," said she, "the king's wrath will fall heavily on us;" poor Loise heard it with distressed feelings. She told her aunt she was grieved to the heart, if she had said aught to offend his majesty, as she was unused to kings, she must pardon her.

Loise's young mind could not understand that fear must be always exercised, and humbleness to one they called their guardian. She could not perceive how the power a king was invested with, could subject individuals to such feelings; her pure mind was insensible to injustice; the Earl smiled at both, at Loise for her innocent reasoning, and at lady Amelia's fears, to which she replied, "You do not think the king is angry, James, when he smiles, but kings can smile even when they are meditating your destruction—but Loise, if he does not discard us for rebels my pardon is easily obtained."

The next day, the Earl placed a ring upon the finger of Loise, saying, "his majesty sends greeting! to the incorrigible rebel! and desires she will condescend to wear *this* as a token of his esteem." It was a ring with the figure of a crown set in diamonds. Lady Amelia almost turned young again; one might have supposed she was the receiver; but the gift was not so precious as the favor of the king. Loise wore it to please her uncle; such was the difference in a free and independent mind, and one who was ever on their guard against the lightest offence.

His majesty was not alone in admiration of the lovely orphan, for soon after the presentation, Lord Somerville was introduced as an intimate of her uncle's, and entered among the accumulating list of her admirers.

Novelty is a mania that possesses every one, however, there rested a query about Loise, whether it was the especial favor of his majesty that still appeared to increase towards her, or the uneducated child of America, that attracted so deeply, is left, it cannot be decided. Lady Amelia readily acknowledged that she surpassed all her wishes, and what attention she bestowed from mere kindness of heart previous, she now, with the multitude admired.

It was now the second year that Loise had resided in England. The Marquis of Eggleston had returned as he had prophesied! Loise had enemies—who is exempt? as will be seen in the *tete a tete* between lady Margaret Augusta, and her niece Adela. Lady Margaret was a withered piece of nobility, she despised beauty, because she never could attain it.—There sat the Marquis of Eggleston, lounging on a sofa, where Adela, his lovely niece, was in vain endeavoring to soften her aunt, in favor of the orphan; and her aunt striving to instil a hatred in the bosom of the sister of Somerville, in order to break off the intended match.

"I cannot see who it can be, Margaret," said the Marquis, "in these enlightened days, that can't read, or write; I should judge they were not worth the breath of an argument."

"Credulous fool, Somerville, to believe she is perfect, in two years tuition. The Americans would try to make us believe they are a race apart—"

"And that they are, sister—how many a hair breadth escape I have had; why, did I ever tell you? one night Cornwallis, and myself, and others, were carousing rather merrily, when lo! our jollity ceased—for the rebels broke upon us like so many wolves—devastation followed; and there was one tough rebel"—"Dear uncle, said Adela, are you so indifferent to my brother's welfare, as not to enquire who is to be his companion through life. She is an honor to your kindred—my brother has chosen a wife—do you understand?"

"Well, I hope she will redound to his honor—man is not formed to be alone," and a painful recollection crossed him unawares—his bright blue eye grew animated, and then he strove to stifle some vain regret; nature claimed her right—a tear fell, even upon the hand of Adela.

"What means this, uncle?"

"Nothing, child; a foolish thought, that was all."

"It sets me fidgeting so, said the inattentive sister, to see people blind to their own happiness—to marry that ignorant girl, when there are so many beauties at the court that have done every thing to entice George. Mothers have expended so much for their daughters' accomplishments, and entertainments, and this is his gratitude; to visit them, and flatter with fulsome language, and fill them with hopes, and then blast them for this horogeneous mass of combustibles, better fitted for a digger of potatoes."

"I must say, Margaret, I never heard you use such high language before; anger makes you eloquent.—After all, I trust Somerville will have his senses, young men are apt to be rash in a choice. Where did he pick up this "hetrogeneous mass of combustibles" that can't read or write."

"She can, uncle."

"I much doubt it, Adela; but you can make your uncle believe black is white."

"I see," said the Marquis, "I shall have to ask George myself, here he comes to answer his doom.—Who is it, George, that Margaret is so opposed to your marrying? A noble peer of England ought to be guarded, George."

The brow of the noble Somerville expanded to a smile, as he replied, "My more noble uncle ought to guard himself, before he accuses others, to withstand innocence and beauty, joined to a brilliant intellect, which last is so rare among our court ladies, our sister an exception."

"George," said the distressed uncle, "to whom do you allude? I cannot think—"

"Your voyage to the continent of America has made you young again; Cupid visits there, old and young, promiscuously, I suppose."

"George," said his sister, "what would Loise say, to hear you so severe?"

"Loise!" said the Marquis, as the magic name sent him across the room with the elasticity of youth.

"My words are verified," said Somerville; "come, uncle, will you attend my nuptials this day week, at Castleton?"

"Oh my poor dull brain,—nephew, I forgive your severity, and give you all the joy a discarded lover can give another: never did any thing suit better—why Adela, it was the little darling of my heart—she refused me in Carolina. Poor soul, she loved her brother, and I pitied her."

"Now uncle, you are mad. Loved her brother?—refused you? why George!"

"Don't accuse him for not telling; sweet-hearts tell each other every thing—they are always talking of each other, and that is the very reason they never quarrel—now Margaret, don't you say another word about a hetrogeneous mass of combustibles, I'll annihilate you if you do; if you possessed a particle from the mass, you might pride yourself. She is beautiful, and virtuous, not for the name, but the innate principle. Le talent est estimable, mais la verthu est advantage. I should like to see her; we parted good friends: sore was the trial to forget her. I wonder if Castleton thinks she graces his board now: I knew the soil was good and cultivation has ensured him many blessings, no doubt. Education was all she needed. Come, Somerville, I am off to pay my respects to her."

To close our story, so simply begun, in rustic simplicity; although Loise rose from so humble a station, the wealth of the world never rendered her giddy, or an over much love of amusements. Her German mother, would bring her memory back to days when she was as happy and free, as the wild birds that nested around her cottage. It always had a good effect

upon Loise, and at times, when she would hear of some cold, unfeeling expression of her ignorance, and the little knowledge she had of the customs of the world she was now called to mingle with, descanted on by the young ladies of her circle, she would fly with a heart full of agony at their cruel aspersions, to the bosom of maternal affection, and assuage her griefs, with her congenial heart.

She had refused many offers; but the more she mingled in the world, the more she came to a knowledge of dependence. Although from kind kindred, Lord Somerville was among the first of her suitors, yet he never was an avowed lover; this excited some surprize, for she often caught herself thinking of him, and watching his motions in the mazes of the dance, or at the opera—At the latter, if he accidentally appeared, she was always much delighted: and then, he was so kind to explain, while others took more delight in praising her, thinking erroneously, it was most pleasing. Somerville never complimented in his life, merely to gratify a foolish vanity. The fact was this, our heroine become much attached to him, more than she was aware, and then Adela—oh! she was a dear kind hearted friend, and appeared to love her disinterestedly; and then they called each other sister—and the intimacy with the brother—and the title of the sister—caused many pleasureable emotions towards the Earl of Somerville; and then she thought he was so much like her poor Albert—so kind, and so obliging. "I like him, as I would a brother" she would say—this was much for Loise, and the conversation that

passed between her benefactors, will show the sequel.

"James, she surpasses all expections; do you really suppose Somerville is attached to her—it is strange for nobility to choose from affection."

"Were you swayed by my rank and wealth, Amelia, alone?"

"Neither; I chose you simply for your benevolence and kindness to others; it is a quality I do not possess; but I love you for the possession."

"Somerville has been long attached to Loise, and applied to me to intercede. I related the story to him of the Marquis; he has not since spoken of it, till to my overjoyed heart, she referred him to me for a consent. I know the child of Caroline too well to suspect, it is either wealth, birth, or rank, has caused her to succumb so much to my wishes. He has her affections in purity—may she retain his forever, and my prayer will be fulfilled; that her youthful days might be passed in the pleasures this world can give, and in her latter, be crowned in peaceful felicity with a confiding, worthy and noble partner. Next week we are to solemnize the nuptials; dear Amelia, do your best—spare no expense, for I am very happy to inform you, his majesty will crown our festival. I have mentioned to his majesty what I failed in; Lord Somerville has succeeded in converting Loise a lineal subject to the throne; and if he will grace her nuptials, the rebel shall kneel for his blessing, as the countess of Somerville, niece to his highness' most faithful subject, the Marquis of Eggleston."

"And grand daughter to the Duchess of York, grand niece—"

"Oh, no more, Amelia, for the love of heaven, you might extend to his royal palace, and then you have but commenced—"

They were united, and formed a happy family, and the unknown orphan of the wild mountains of Carolina, arrived to be the fashionist of London—that great city of renown. If the indigent, and ignorant cannot arrive at the rank and fame of the rustic Loise, by a life of virtue and innocence, and living to the best of their knowledge, they may be good and happy—and nothing more is required; for "he who knoweth the law, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes"

THE DUEL.

"I could a tale unfold,"—HAMLET.

"May I come in, Egbert?" said Rose Harrington, as she was peering her lovely face in the room occupied by her husband as a study; "I have sent for you till the refusal has quite alarmed me. Has the absence of a few weeks so obliterated your affection, as to cause such indifference; what is it afflicts you?" He did not appear to heed the question, but buried his face with strong emotion. "Is my sympathy of no value," continued the fond wife. To all this entreaty by a voice which till now was law to his heart, he turned a deaf ear. It was not capriciousness or the possession of his lovely wife that cloyed and rendered her indifferent to him; it was the consciousness of appearing unworthy in her sight. He could not bear to plant a thorn there, in that heart whose whole study was his happiness. He was guilty of a barbarous crime; willingly would he pour out his overburthened heart but he could not.

"Rose," said he, "leave me for the present, you only add to my misery."

"Have you your perfect senses Egbert, that you repulse my kind inquiries so harshly?" said the ardent wife, "or does my ears deceive me? Alas! your looks but too well accord with your words. I am unhappy

indeed; was it for this I forfeited the vow I pledged to my dying parent? It is very meet! I am well requited for my disobedience. Scarce a twelvemonth has elapsed before I have the consciousness of experiencing the loss of my husband's affections! now is this lovely earth changed indeed! And here"—said the enthusiast kneeling, "do I dedicate my life, my thoughts to that Holy One, to whom the spirit of my sainted mother has long since flown."

"Rose you madden me; leave me till I can calm myself sufficiently to relate this horrid deed—it is your affection, Rosa, not mine is forfeited; then leave me in compassion for the present."

She left him in the deepest agony. "Alone again" said the unhappy man, "miserable wretch, I am not worthy of such purity; Oh! innocence, blind to your own happiness to open the avenues of thy heart to one unworthy! Why conceal till others exaggerate and she hears the story worse than it is.—Egaggerate? did I say! can they? No, for the lightest term that can be used is cold blooded murder! Honor! what is it to my present misery! A drop in the ocean; Oh! my wife, how will your high wrought ideas of your Egbert fall to the dust; he is no longer worthy to guide you in the path of innocence, conscience must be devoid of offence towards God and man; wisdom is a mere wire without it. And this is honor! It is dearly bought. I would rather be branded as the most impious coward than to take the life I cannot give: to destroy our earthly and eternal happiness, sap up the domestic ties of life, lay waste the lovely vision that

continually surrounds it, henceforth to be gazed upon with fear so closely allied to hate. All to gain an empty name—a seared conscience—and a blasted life. On what side can I contemplate happiness? Can I bury in oblivion the bleeding form of my friend? the last look so ghastly! so hurriedly sent to eternity,—without one pious thought to the giver of life, there to curse the remembrance of his once dearest friend; turned by the slightest word, from the deepest friendship to the bitterest foe: Oh why am I in being! that every one I love should experience misery. My proud heart has ever been distant from all worldly affection—there was one that penetrated the avenues,—that one was blasted by this hand that ever greeted him with the warmest welcome to my unbounded confidence."

Thus he soliloquized;—but we leave these incoherent ravings to detail more explicitly.

Egbert Harrington, from his childhood was naturally quick to resent an injury; impetuous and headstrong, he was too conscious of his own powers of intellect, to heed any advice, or patiently acquire instruction from others; certain it was, he was an uncommonly bright boy, and the idol of his parents, who prophecied that one day, they should see him proudly superior in every thing.

When he arrived at manhood he was justly styled a genius above mediocrity: the greatest geniuses are sure to have some failings in their composition.

Egbert in childhood was ever reserved in companionship, and many of his school-mates termed him

haughty and tyrannical. All those ill natured remarks, school boys are so prone to make, made little impression upon him, whose whole soul was bent upon the acquisition of that brittle foundation for happiness—fame. However, there were hours of solitude to his young mind, and an irksome vacuum in his life he wished to fill; and scanning the phiz of each, he selected a youth, equal in birth, but inferior in intellect, also, inheriting a full portion of that spirit so characteristic in him. They passed the years of childhood with the same pure friendship, and arrived at mature age, without a thought inimical to their friendship, save at times some slight offences which they readily overlooked, an exercise of matured lenity only strengthened their affection.

Henry Stanley was superior in manly beauty. Fascinating and attractive, he soon paved the avenue to drawing-room favor. Egbert was conscious of this superiority, and often in hours of pleasure, in the society of the fair sex, would a pang penetrate his heart, that nature had not gifted him with the pleasing attractions that were so necessary to obtain favour in the eyes of the fair sex in general. They chose the same profession—the law. Egbert was far more conspicuous, at the bar, than his friend: premature knowledge, sound and deep, yet clear and comprehensive, gave him infinite advantage. Stanly used those gaudy colors of forensic eloquence to captivate the ear, and deceive the heart. Egbert was rational and never failed to succeed; often would the judge exclaim, 'a Daniel, indeed!'

Stanley was possessed of great fluency; pleasing, but not convincing. Egbert was the hero at court—Stanley conqueror of hearts, not heads; Egbert was on the pivot of fame; what besides could his eager mind desire! The lucubrations of sleepless nights were amply compensated; none disputed the palm of victory: the fact was, fame would not fill the vacuity in his life. "A change came over the spirit of his dream;" among the society he visited, with his friend, was the lovely and interesting Rose Harley.—Observing Stanley's attention, with a pain ever attendant on true affection, it was sometime e'er he dared avow his love to his friend. He reproved him severely, for his want of confidence, "for even," said this warm hearted friend, "had I experienced a preference I could have checked it in the bud, were I convinced you were my rival; for Harrington, you know me too well, to suspect me of the yellow bloom, while you are of a temperament, once to love, and forever.

"Win her then—and may every blessing follow you." Egbert lost no time in paying all those attentions, trifling and nameless, but invaluable to the heart. It was not without deep grief he observed a pensiveness in the countenance of Rose, keenly expressive of some hidden grief: concluding it might be a delay of a confession, he immediately offered his hand, heart, and fortune; but to his utter astonishment, was refused. It almost drove him to insanity: his proud soul would not bend to ask why she refused him: he considered the reason plain—a want of affection, and to add to his unhappiness, Stanley was absent at this critical time.

"Perhaps," said he, "it is the love of him that causes my banishment. Fame! what is it to my present misery! what is it compared with disappointed affection?"

Searing jealousy wore on his vitals, and when his friend returned he was but a wreck of himself. The astonishment of his friend was equal to his own.—Harrington explained the cause that tortured his heart.

To this communication, his friend replied, "imposible—my attentions were too trivial for her ever to indulge such an idea. I cannot, no, I *will* not anticipate! believe me; I have ever been regarded as an interested friend, and you—as a lover—nay, do not shake your head so wisely; I have observed her, she often spoke of you in the highest terms, accompanied with that timidity which is natural to a heart that truly loves. If I have any knowledge of the human heart, especially the fair, you must yield me the palm there. Rose Harly, certainly regards you with a more exalted feeling than friendship."

His warm hearted friend, not only professed to sympathize, but sought the object so interested, and here found it was not a withholding of affection, but duty forbade her.

Rose Harly was an orphan. On the death of her mother, whom she had tenderly loved from childhood, and from whom she inherited all those amiable qualities of mind and heart, she had solemnly avowed never to marry. Mrs. Harley had been extremely unfortunate in her matrimonial life; she entered it with as bright a prospect as ever was anticipated. She married from affection, and with it wealth attended;—

but the brightest prospects are often blighted in the bud; just as the leaves expand with the promise of perrenial beauty, the tempest blasts it e'er it is unfolded. Intemperance, that bane of life, coiled in the habits of her husband, and blasted her future enjoyment forever He died; and it was the death of suicide! for what can you term that poisoning of the human frame, slowly but surely, by habits of intemperance, but deliberate, voluntary self murder? Did he not daily infuse the poisonous draught, and sap the life blood to stagnation? destroy his noble faculties, wear the life of his devoted wife, and hasten her to the grave? He yielded to the intoxicating cup of inebriety, and the more he gave way the more sensible she experienced the loss of her husband's affections: but death, the reliever, put an end to her troubles;—she did not long survive him; her constitution, undermined at last, yielded to a rapid consumption.

Rose had long kept her frail form on earth, but the destroying hand of death was upon her, and she must obey the mandate. She possessed the hope her husband was deprived of; a hope above drear earth,—it was a *hope of immortality!*

"Rose," said she, as her spirit appeared winging its way to a brighter realm; and as she spoke, Rose gazed on her with feelings high wrought and heavenly: the dead expression of those dear eyes she so oft had contemplated in childhood, had given place to an unearthly hue, varied and irradiating, that almost dazzled her own; it appeared as if her spirit had reached heaven, and returned to hold this last communion with her.

"My daughter! you were too young in your father's life, to sense the misery I have experienced, but before your young heart yields to the infatuation of love, I here, on my dying bed, request of you to smother it in the bud, and check its further growth. Think me not cruel and severe, in thus exacting a promise, that you will never marry any one; believe me, my dear daughter, I would not if I were not convinced it is your *earthly* as well as *heavenly* happiness—I speak, my child, while my spirit hovers on earth; soon it will depart to the God who gave it—were it not for leaving you, I could sincerely say, blest hour! that frees my soul from bodily pain and earthly misery. In my married life, my child, there were many perplexities, trials and tribulations. Had I not entered the married state, I might have enjoyed life free from them; it is a life, at best, with some of these accompaniments; but I had borne it with fortitude but for the loss of that affection, I embraced it for. Rose, when I am gone, you may think you see differently, if your heart becomes attached to a worthy object and consider that this object might be an exception: but my child, so I thought—when the exterior is fair, we are apt to judge man favorably—form and feature may be some guide to their internal propensities; but they are capable of great changes: they may in youth, with high and proud expectation, have the greatest abhorrence to evil.

Deep, as I thought my judgment to be, I was deceived; therefore yield not, but promise me you will not violate my last wish. You have sufficient left

you, without marrying for a maintenance. Your relatives are willing, and kind to offer you an asylum without seeking it in matrimony. Be quick, my child, I have but a little longer to stay, tell me your decision—relieve my heart of this inquietude, and my spirit will go freely.—"

Rose was penetrated with deep agony. To her inexperienced mind, the sacrifice appeared trifling. The loss of her parent rose predominant over every other consideration. This was the last sad request; she recalled the time, when her father was only in name a parent: recollection was busy in multiplying offences; the copious tears she had often seen and as often wiped, from the cheek of her mother that had streamed down in silent agony at some cold word, or brutal expression,—all combined as a stimulus to impress her with the utter faithlessness of man. With solemnity she performed her vow, and soon the spirit of her sainted parent was wafted to a happier region.

Years passed on—Time had healed the wound of her bereavement; she had once more gained that elasticity of spirits; so innocent, so engaging, she was an object beloved by all that knew her. The numerous throng that surrounded the board at her aunt's, she treated with uniform politeness.

Henry Stanley was the first who appeared to attract her attention, in particular,—it was more from a love of monopolizing, she was afterwards convinced, than thoughts of affection—a kind of coquetry; to wish to succeed where others could not; this will show she was not perfect—no, she was mortal!—it is

immortality alone, in its native heaven can attain perfection. This slight error in her composition was considered trivial.—It was the increasing intimacy with Egbert Harrington, that alarmed her fears for her future happiness; she would then oftentimes, turn her attention and devote herself to young Stanley.—After the confession of Egbert, she was sensible she had found a heart in congeniality with her own. She did not dare trust her own thoughts; she mingled the more freely in society, endeavoring to banish him from her heart: but the society of others was insipid; the amusements of the world cloyed; the zest to all her pure pleasures had fled; and with it all enjoyment. The mind of Harrington was too enriched, too high flown,—conversation with others, appeared to be held as if every sentence uttered, was a relief, a link exhausted in the chain of argument; her mind was beyond mediocrity—and Egbert was but too sensible of the treasure he had lost, in the beautiful and accomplished Rose Harley. Beauty attracts for the moment, but it is an improved mind that strengthens the affections.

They were separated; but Stanley sought Rosa again, and again interceded warmly in his friend's behalf, and here, as an advocate, he was not alone.—Rosa was entrusted by her mother to her only sister, of whom it might be justly said, she was one of those real dashing widows, always delighted in forwarding matches—so as to be entitled, perfectly disinterested. Perhaps the handsome form of Harrington's friend, was no slight excitement for her thus warmly to ad-

vocate his cause; no doubt Stanley passed his hours pleasantly in the society of these ladies, but he would not, he could not, take advantage of his friend's absence, for if Rosa had, through duty discarded her former lover, Stanley reasoned, she might by perseverance and argument be won to disobey. Man's vanity is exhaustless, he never dreams of rejection till the fatal word has passed—and then lives on throwing an oblivious thought over the past, and passes on from object to object, with the same hope of success that cheered his former endeavors to gain them. Yet it was not exactly characteristic of Henry Stanley to improve opportunities of conquest, it was his glory to win when the field was filled with competitors. How deep the beauty and fascinations of Rosa had penetrated his heart, or which of the fair one's claimed predominance, time will show—as it was,—he was just and true. He could not abuse the trust reposed in him; the object of his mission was accomplished.

It is a very true saying "Friendship may turn to love, but love to friendship, never." It is also very easy to believe what we wish to believe. Rosa was led to think she might enjoy the society of Harrington, independent of ill consequences. Friendship was asserted to be a more exalted sentiment than that of the conquerer so renowned—love. The approval of her aunt, strengthened her new passion; yet her reason would have directed her otherwise. To be brief in our narrative, we would add, the barrier that opposed their union was removed by the same kind of eloquence that has won older heads, and more experienced hearts.

"Rose" said he, "trust me you never shall have cause for sorrow." I feel assured were your sainted mother present, she would joyfully yield consent, to add to your happiness; she could not be so entirely destitute of the feelings of a parent, as to destroy your earthly happiness, by withholding her blessing."

"But Egbert consider the vow exforted on her dying bed."

"Rose, it was extorted in a moment of enthusiasm, it can be well accounted for. The prospects with which she entered matrimony,—the wrongs she received, were vividly present in that hour of despair; and she doubtless considered she was doing her duty by endeavoring to exempt you from all this imaginary misery. But her's was a lot of hardness, few I trust experience: Fear me not my dearest Rosa, confide in my honor; and my future life shall convince you with what sincerity I pledge my vows."

They were married and happy. Harrington diligently employed in his profession, which grieved him that it was such as to oblige him to leave his happy home for so long intervals.

The friendship still subsisted between Stanley and Harrington; but the deepest friendships are often broken by the slightest misunderstanding; so it happened. Stanley met him as they frequently did in the neighboring Courts. Previous to this meeting, there had been a contested election; Stanley's sentiments were in opposition to those of his friend. As yet they had avoided argument, knowing each other's irritable temper's, and feeling the deep placed friendship, re-

cent events had more strongly bound. But we are frail creatures, and not always our own keepers. Being in company with others who were contesting the subject, they unfortunately came in contact; it was too late to retract, and giving way to the excitement and irritation of their feelings, several words passed—and strange and cruel to relate, it ended in a challenge! Here was the wreck of a friendship nurtured from childhood, and which manhood, had cherished and matured. Revenge in the garb of honor was the destroyer. Is it not heart-rending, to see man yield his high souled and noble faculties and thirst for the blood of his kind? Is there not a similitude in the brute creation, thus to level and lay waste that part of heaven's best gift to man, merely to indulge their present infatuated feelings? Is he not a brute indeed to rest not until one or the other becomes a victim to the murderous infatuation! How much it is to be regretted, that honor should wear the armor of an inveterate foe against that adversary revenge. But yet how often are instances communicated from this southern land of this dreadful practice of duelling. It is a clime of warm feelings easily excited by love or hate—their character might well accord with the following lines:

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name,
But mine is like the Lava's flood
That boils from Etna's breast of flame."

Harrington and Stanley met—they fought, and the gallant, the gay, the disinterested Stanley fell! His dying words were these:

"Harrington how rash we have been—but it is well: Better for me to go hence than thee! Live and forget you have murdered your friend, for Rosa's sake. There is one thing I wished you to know; that I loved Rose Harley to the destruction of my peace. I have deceived you—I was capable of constancy—She was the only one I ever loved and but for thy friendship I might have been happy."

He ceased, and soon his spirit was wafted to a clime into which ungrateful friendship never found admission.

Harrington left the country—left his Rosa;—but the misery she experienced was of no common order. She believed she had broken the third commandment; she considered this dispensation from heaven as just punishment of her sin. She had performed a vow to her dear parent in her reason and in the name of the Most High, and she could be swayed to disobey. She had wealth, but what did it avail her? Nought but sorrow in the possession; it could not give one moment's relief from the harrassing thought of her husband's exile. She endeavored to stay upon earth till she could hear from her husband by the channel of writing; but this hope was long denied her, and when at last she received a communication, it came from an unknown hand, stating sickness as the cause of his not writing her in person It was dictated with much affection, but more of deep remorse. By the tenor of the letter she was fearful he never would live to return. Her brain was nearly distracted! The life springs of her heart had long been tortured to agony,

and at last they had burst asunder, and her mind was but a wreck of its former self. Long had her day of hope been past—that star of her pearly promise had since flown to a brighter realm; and soon her lovely spirit followed to enjoy unutterable bliss; for surely her misery had absolved her broken vow!

Harrington the miserable murderer still lived. To the eye of a stranger it appeared impossible to believe life could remain so long a tenant in that already ghastly form. He lived to return. Death the dreaded monster to others, was a welcome thought to him.

"After death," he soliloquized, "I shall be branded as a murderer, and not as one who had provocation from a stranger, but as the destroyer of my bosom's confidant, the companion of my childish sports, the friend and disinterested lover! Have I not struggled with life? How many youthful hours have I spent in acquiring a great name! Did I not attain by constant application, the highest pinnacle of fame? and then—to have it blasted! Friends—fame—reputation—honor—hope—fled like leaves from the mountain side; and all for what? accursed *honor!* What is the penalty! Wife, friend, all gone; I stand alone on earth, with none to care whether I live or die.

* * * * * *

The sun had long closed upon a day in cold December, Harrington had strayed as usual to the grave of his Rosa, and sitting beside all that had charms for him, he thus addressed her. "Sweet innocence! how were thy hopes in life blighted, and by one too, who would willingly have forfeited his own for thy happi-

ness! But sleep on—I would not recall you if I could —soon we shall be reunited; and thou too, my noble friend that rests beside her, whom thy affections were given in purity, for thy soul has ere this received absolution. Friendship like thine rests unparalleled. Heaven in mercy cannot sever hearts like ours, formed for each other! And Thou, Almighty Being, who rulest heaven and earth, accept my penitence from the inmost recess of my heart; and give unto the most miserable of sinners, absolution! Oh my God! look not down in such horrible wrath! is there more to suffer, ere I may receive atonement? my last hour is at hand;—arrest this despairing gloom that hovers around me; can it be, that thy anger will rest upon me in the world to come? Is the blood of my friend to be revenged there? As if in answer to his appeal, the clouds that had long been gathering for an approaching tempest suddenly blackened—the thunder breaks over him—keen blew the winds through the oak and pine, yet he heeded not the coming storm; it well accorded with his inward feelings; the rain poured in torrents, the lightning played around him; at last his limbs were paralized. The storm continued long to rage, but all was still within the unfortunate murderer.

May this horrid catastrophe have some effect upon the infatuated dueller! This tale is filled with many substantiated facts, with a very little deviation. Here were friends closely united in bonds of affection, suddenly become foes, by this horrid practice; one died a victim to satiate his vengeance; the other, by a guilty, harrassing conscience!—and this was not all,—

it also sent a lovely victim, hurriedly to eternity, sorrowing at her own disobedience!

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The murderer, and murdered, with the dearest object earth held for them, inhabit the same cold sepulchre, side by side.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"There is an arm Omnipotent that rules our destiny,
All else is but the mockery of power."

On a bright morning in June, 18—, a ship was seen to unfurl her sails, and majestically glide from the interior of the harbor of New-York; doubtless to be free of the smaller craft, for the convenience of her passengers, who were seen filling the small boat on the opposite shore, and soon reached the stately ship.

"Give way there my lads," said the stentorian voice of the captain, "let us make the best of this wind that is filling our sails merrily."

"A passenger on shore," said the cabin-boy.

"We cannot wait a boy's movements, let him abide his negligence," replied the captain.

"It were a pity," said a female voice, "the youth should lose his voyage for a few minutes delay."

"Haul the small boat alongside! John bear a hand! the fellow moves as if his feet were clogged with iron!"

No sooner spoken than obeyed, and the anxious youth reached the ship, with a hearty execration from the captain.

"My delay was unpremeditated, you surely could not have left me, when my business was so urgent."

"Business in youth, is a mere term of excuse;—some love affair," returned the other, "promises,—made to be broken."

There was a sarcastic grin, on the countenance of this weather-beaten son of Neptune, which made Conrad Waldro turn from his chafing speech, to see if it had caught the ear of a youthful girl, who encountered his piercing gaze, by a profusion of blushes, and immediately descended to the cabin, followed by an aged man. Conrad Waldro enumerated the passengers, which, including himself and the lovly girl, whom he anticipated, would be an agreeable acquisition to the society on board—were about four.

"We have a merry set Mr. Waldro," observed the captain, "with such a cheering breeze as this, and jovial companions, we shall reach Wilmington, with light hearts, and a prosperous voyage to boot."

The sails swelled before the wind, in their peculiar sound, the breeze continued till the setting sun was seen to gild the dark blue waters, sparkling with innumerable gems, as if the fathomless abyss, had inverted its usual course, and poured forth the hidden treasures, with a profusion, and richness of variety unequalled. The heave of the ship subsided, and she appeared to glide along, as if she had retraced her course, and was again in the calm bosom of the river. The porpoise sported above the waves—the voracious shark was seen anon to follow the ship, while every passenger was silently enjoying the calm beauties of the scene, and locked within themselves. Who has not, when destined an inhabitant of the wide ocean, yielded to quiet contemplation, on its awful beauties?—and where is the heart, gifted with reason and intelligence, can gaze down into the deep below,

ruminate there,—and then, look up to the mild heavens, and not exclaim there is a God ! Oh vast and unsearchable ! thy power is infinite ! thy goodness without bound ! how can the athiest dare to oppose thy existence, when destined an inhabitant, of a frail bark, tossed by the humor of the waves! accursed doctrine! let the wise forbear yielding to its baneful influence; let the simple trust in the being of the Most High. This belief brings such a calmness, a resignation, that we can sleep calmly on the watery waste, knowing there is a voice above, to quell the raging of the tempests—and to sooth the fearful in spirit; for never can the heart sense so great a nearness to Omnipresence, as when visibly dependant on his mercy alone.

Conrad Waldro, had long remained in the deepest communion on the scene, and his own troubled thoughts: he had previously watched the receding shores of his native home, with a contrariety of feeling; joy and sorrow were so closely blended, it were almost impossible even for himself, to discover which claimed predominance. But now that he was far from his loved home, a feeling of desolation alone remained. While thus meditating on his hopes and fears he abstractedly exclaimed.

And now I'm in the world alone
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan
When none will sigh for me ?
* * * * *
Enough, enough my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I who am of lighter mood
Will laugh to flee away.

Playfully answered a voice near him.

Conrad started at the sound, and turned to behold the youthful girl, whom he had entirely forgotten, so absorbed were his thoughts on the *one* he had left, and for whom his present exertions stimulated him to seek a maintenance abroad. As much as he believed in the unswerving nature of her affections, yet it was natural to suppose that absence, might weaken her love, and his image soon be effaced by encroaching time.

The unknown girl instantly apologized for intrusion, saying she was thinking of those beautiful lines from Byron.

"I do indeed forgive you, for rousing me from an irksome solitude; but will my little lover of the muses satisfy my ardent curiosity by disclosing her name?—we inmates of a ship ought to cast aside useless punctillio."

"Amphithrite, your honor—I heard of your being visited with the azure-demons in my coral residence below—and being in a charitable mood, I ordered my barge of shells, and my hydra steeds, was determined to play the truant from my hoary love—the God of the deep. So you see you must consider it a wonderful condescension, and treasure it as such.

"You have studied mythology I see—and quote Byron—you are a prodigy fair one—I should judge you were nearly fourteen."

"You are a Yankee, a real Yahoo,—I will tell you fair sir, since you fish for compliments."

"And what is that last," enquired the other with a shrewd expression.

"The Indians termed the first white settlers Yahoo's

and from that name yankee is said to be derived: but the meaning I intended to convey was that you were a shrewd guesser, in the common phrase,—or quick of apprehension, to use my own elegant language."

"Pray Miss have you read Shakspeare, Moore, Scotts novels, etcetera."

Books are an easy introduction to the character itself: it is obvious that by their sentiments and opinions, we may form some idea of the morals, as well as of the affections.

"You are quite a specimen of a Northerner, fair sir, for you would know whether my mind was improved; not forgetting to throw in a sly question, now and then, where do you live, and who do you live with, etcetera; but considering your patience, I will be like Franklin, and satisfy in mercy all your questions.—In the first place yonder aged man is my Grandfather—my mothers father. His wife died when my mother was an infant, he is very rich and resides at the South, and he has never married since: but adopts me as his own child, for I am an orphan, my parents have long since died; call me Miss Vernon, never forget the Miss. As to my advantages,—they have been very limited, for I cannot bear school confinement, I follow the bent of my inclinations. Gaiety rules my wayward heart, yet I trust that I am never insensible to the wants or feelings of others, *Factis non verbis* is my motto. But I am no trumpeter of my own goodness, so I leave the unfinished volume for your own perusal. I love the South because I can roam over mountains and valleys,

rocks and streams at random. Nature I love and worship—I read Mr. Waldro—I love to dearly. I have no other resource for happiness, riches cannot avail ought but sorrow, if the heart is bereft of kindred affection, but yet I have one tie to earth that shall be indissoluble till death parts us."—a tear escaped her as she alluded to this dreadful thought.

"Pray proceed"—said Conrad, much interested in this communication.

"It is my dear brother who resides in New-York. This is my first visit to that city, where I have spent the past spring, but grandfather could not spare me longer, for he came himself to escort me back. We came to New-York by the way of Charleston, and return this way for variety's sake. But to return to reading—I read Byron occasionally,—quote Shakspeare;—wander through the sunny fields and pluck the flowers of Moore, and admire his cupids. Every one has a hobby, a dog, cat, or squirrel, birds, books, or flowers; but mine is cupid."

"Cupid!—have you ever been in love?"

"In the imagination only; yet the reality has been termed a mere phantasy. Now listen in sober earnest—I love to retire to a recess in the garden—no arbor for me—I want none of your bowers, thickly entwined with honey suckle and woodbine, to cover the beautiful heavens from the view, I might as well be pent up in my own room, looking through a window glass.

I generally take my favorite authors, even those you have mentioned, to my sanctum—There is a table to write on, and a moss bank for my sofa. When

seated there I immediately fancy myself the genius of the grove—I read Moore, quote Shakspeare, take up sober Cowper and find out my favorite motto. "The only amaranthine flower on earth is *virtue*—the only lasting treasure truth." I moralize awhile; then down goes Cowper and I seize Ossian—and then the reins of imagination are loose. and my hobby sir Cupid appears, I throw all other reasoning to the dust—I imagine a profusion of flowers around me, and Cupid that little winged devil selecting the most beautiful on the bended knee of supplication. I generally finish my devoirs with melancholy Byron; what a pity such a genius should blot his escutcheon by such intermixture of good and evil:—the latter is predominant; for just as your feelings are excited by an overoflow of grief, for the sufferings of the hero, they are surely chilled by some low device, or cold allusion. Byron was possessed of a great genius; but his poor human nature could not bequeath to posterity an unblemished name, for his indulgence in evil overpowered the good; whereas he might have merited fame and commiseration."

"And Moore—what do you think of him?"

"His writings satiate—one wearies of an ever brilliant sun, and never fading flowers; an occasional cloud is refreshing, and a drooping flower excites our kindest feelings— I would not always be constrained to admire."

"Very well, and very true—and what think you of the bard of Avon?"

"O, the inimitable Shakspeare; but I cannot pass even him without censure."

"He certainly punishes evil and rewards the virtuous."

"Allowed sir: still he never would refine the world by description of vice—why give us ideas of vice at all—human nature is always more prone to evil than good. To give a moral by exhibiting vice and folly, intermixed with low cunning, and low wit ever controverts the effect intended. If we are not reminded of evil, we may not give it a thought; and we may be more effectually stimulated to do good by the effect of virtuous example; but I am an infant in the clash of argument—my sentiments may change like the seasons, but I trust as age comes on, my mind and principles may be perfected."

"Amen," said the delighted Conrad, and drawing nearer to the interesting girl, he took her passive hand, and gazing on her illumined face, he exclaimed, "may the time soon come, when you and my dear Maria may know and love each other, as I do you both!"

A tear escaped the volatile girl;—but hastily turning from him, she observed.

"See Mr. Waldro, is it not beautiful!" The moon was just rising above the waves, gemming the ocean with innumerable colors!

"Such a view as this is sublime," returned Conrad.

"It almost divests one of fear, to contemplate the scene!" said Miss Vernon.

"You had best wait upon that pretty girl below, Mr. Waldro!" said the captain; "the orders of a ship may not suit the ear of a novice: yours are more accustomed to the harsh language, indispensible in our profession."

"Not indispensible captain!" said the lively girl, "but only customary—and a vile custom, you must acknowledge—but I trust you will allow me to return soon, for I shall wince beneath the stricture of my dismal state-room, with nought to sooth but one eternal roll of waters. I have laid and listened to the sickening roar, till it seemed to me like the voice of death."

This rough captain did not accustom himself to the profanity which has become technical, for he had profited by the Bethel societies, and dispensed with this horrid practise entirely. Is it not a most astonishing truth that mariners in general should contract such an abominable habit! we all hold life at the mercy of the divine will, but while on terra-firma our fears are allayed when in bodily health. But the poor mariner whose life is necessarily endangered, ought always reverence the name of that being, who holds life so visibly at his own disposal. For example, behold this ship—how beautiful! how majestic, she has spread her sails, and glided away amid the joy and pleasure of her owners: hope was seen to wave her magic wand on each sail as it fluttered with the coming breeze; has not this hope been still cherished when nought but the infinity of space saluted the view! does not the enchanter still remain, exciting loftier thoughts to the Power Above—trusting to Him alone; for how could he otherwise commit his treasures to the deep, protected only by a few frail planks—but should she go down into the abyss; he may thank his God that his own life was not required! but with the mariner, the protection of heaven is not a delegated power—safety comes from no in-

termediate authority—for what can allay the tempest and still the winds but the voice of God !

After our hero had deposited his charge safely in the cabin, he returned on deck, and observing the great change in the weather, he asked the captain if it betokened a storm.

" I am some apprehensive of a squall sir," returned the one addressed; "although I do not think it dangerous, yet it is always best to be on the safe side; I am glad that pretty girl is below, for she might think by the orders of the ship there were greater cause of fear than I apprehend."

The captain now gave orders to the mate to have the ship under small sail.

" Hear you that solemn whistling of the wind captain," said Waldro, shruggling his shoulders with an imperceptible fear; and the thought of his dear Maria, and the uncertainty of their ever meeting again, overpowered him for the moment; and then he gave a stray thought to the bewitching girl on board, with whom he was already exceedingly pleased. This was uncommon for him to be pleased with any one on so short an acquaintance, for Conrad Waldro was termed by some of the fair belles in New-York, a *woman hater*. It was true there was *one* to whom he had given a preference, and for whom he could undergo weariness, danger, and sufferings in any shape to alleviate hers. He attributed his admiration for the beautiful Miss Vernon, to the joy one naturally experiences in meeting unexpectedly a pleasant companion on board a ship, where it is always considered a luxury.

"Forward there," cried the mate; the accustomed reply was given.

"Bear a hand!" clew up the royals! hand the flying jib! have the top-gallant-sail clewed up and furled!

The squall was rising fast. The beautiful heavens were covered in darkness. Now and then the moon burst through the dark clouds that strove to usurp the firmament alone.

"Settle the top-sail-yard on the cap!" continued the mate.

It blew tremendously—the rain descended in torrents—the heavens burst with continued and awful thunder—and the blackened atmosphere became at once a sheet of livid flame! the ship evidently labored to surmount the swelling waves! the mast bended like a whip; and the captain now consulted his mate, and advised it were best to cut away the lanyards, as the ship was on her side; "she rights again, said the captain—and the project was abandoned.

Conrad Waldro was in the cabin by the side of the terrified Miss Vernon, her aged grandfather was near her, and now and then would endeavor to sooth her distracted fears.

"I thought," said Conrad, "my aquatic friend was divested of fear, naturally expected to be called into exercise while in a situation subjected to storms and tempests. Perhaps my little truant fears a jealous husband.

"The stoutest hearts may flinch sometimes Mr. Waldro: a female would represent her sex but indifferently, if she were exempt from this sensitive feeling; but

as to that jealous old tyrant Neptune, he seems to be making a mighty preparation to avenge the sin of enjoying a few happy hours! oh that roll was horrible! Conrad," said she, insensibly clinging to his arm—and forgetting the appellation of ceremony in the fear of instant death. "Cut away your lanyards there!" vociferated the captain.

"Lean on me—you are weak—if we are lost dear girl—if we die, will you love me! say can you?"

"I can, Conrad Waldro, I do!"

Love is often attributed to predestination. On the morning after the storm the fair Amphithrite was rather sparing of her smiles, and a little of the n aidenly prudery appeared in her manner; but it did not long claim predominance: for as gaiety and Cupid were her hobbies, she did not long debar herself from enjoying their winning influence.

Our hero passed his time pleasantly in the society of the fair girl, to whom he had unconsciously betrayed his feelings of affection; but he did not regret this disclosure, for the good girl readily took his meaning, in that *hour of dread*, which she construed that he wished her to cherish a regard for him hereafter, merely in companionship.

It was on the sixth day that a joyful sound from a sailor aloft, exclaiming "land ahead!" cheered every heart; and as the shades of evening drew on, the ship appeared to sense her entrance into port; for she bounded over waves as fast, as in her disabled state could have been expected.

"We shall make but a poor appearance in port," said the mate to his superior.

"True enough," was the reply, "yet we have our lives, and a cargo safe, thank a Power Above! and considering all things we ought to be very thankful."

"It was all for having a woman aboard, that caused that storm you have related," said the Pilot, who had taken command of the ship, to carry her safe through the new inlet, which the captain had chosen in preference to going by the main bar.

"What was that captain?" said Miss Vernon, as she bounded on deck, "I never was so electerized in all my life."

"Crossing the bar Miss," said the captain, touching his hat, while a smile played on his sun-burnt features."

And where is it sir; do pray show it me?"

"Yonder—do you see that water bubbling like shoals?"

"Is that all? now I always thought it was a great bar of iron visible to the eye."

This brought a volley of laughter from the whole ships crew, to suppose shoal water, and the introduction of a ship, with rather a close connection with rocks, should be so termed! one of the passengers observed it compared with her mistake previous, when the captain requested her to box the compass, and her answer was "Nor Nor South."

The ship had now passed Fort Johnson, and Smithville; the latter is quite a town, and the inhabitants of Wilmington frequently resort there in the summer, on account of inhaling the sea air, and escaping the prevailing fever.

We will now take leave of our voyagers, after land-

ing them safe on terra-firma, and follow our hero to one of the hotels, where he was busily engaged in his room in preparing to indite a letter; which was as follows:—

LETTER I.

WILMINGTON.

I arrived here dear Maria, after a short passage—agreeable to your request, and my promise, I commence a correspondence. Do not upbraid me for neglect when I inform you I have been here nearly a week; but as my dear girl is so tenacious of her authority, in exacting a description of every town and village, I have deferred writing till I could give her some account satisfactory, however succinct. The limit of my letter cannot admit of a long preamble; so without preface I will tell you.

Wilmington is placed on the side of a gentle hill, and inclines to the South. The interior of the town is more level, and generally called Vinegar Hill. There are some large brick stores, and a few handsome dwelling houses. The Cape Fear bank exceeds any house I have seen in this town. The theatre is a large brick building. The academy is directly over the theatre, and is as neat, and well calculated as any I have ever visited. The people appear to be intelligent and humane, to strangers especially—but I understand that self-interest is more in the minds of the people, than in days of yore—this may be accounted to the inundation of foreigners. The soil is very sandy, and even the side-walks are almost impassible for a lady's slipper.

I rather judge Maria, their shoe bills, do not amount to so much as those of our city belles; for I have not really seen a *lady* promenadé the streets since I have been here. By the way, I was gallanting a fair girl, a passenger on our voyage, through the streets—dont be jealous—the luxury of the sight caused a caucus of gentlemen to assemble around the court-house, which is central in the town, to converse upon the stranger. I am told if a lady happens to pass such a caucus in the street, instead of maintaining their ground like good soldiers, they give way, and form a straight line, simply and silently, acknowledging their admiration, and exercising due politeness to the fair. A good lesson for our Northerners! who like to see their belles circumnavigate, before they are clear of them, and now and then, the fair one may have to give her *chaperon* a push, to make him understand what is due politeness—rather a quiet way to hurt his feelings, I think, yet you are sensible it is truth to a verity. And now dear Maria, I must close. In a few days I go to Fayetteville, and will endeavor to write something interesting: I trust for your sake, I shall soon acquire a competency, to relieve you from your present dependance and tyranny. Rest on hope it does not aways prove fallacious, and believe me, yours, truly,

CONRAD

LETTER II.

NEW-YORK.

Hope—even hope, dear Conrad, is despoiled of its inexhaustible resources—but to despair even amidst the wreck of this sweet beguiler! would ill requite your indefatigable zeal for my future happiness! when I consider your present undertaking, I shudder at my own ingratitude:—yet still, the thought of your success in business, is veiled so doubtfully, I fear to anticipate.—To glean a competency by traversing that uncertain element, the ocean—is to encounter danger, tempests, and perhaps death—but your Maria will rise above this despairing picture, while contemplating the design. My aunt still retains her tyranny—indeed I do not expect her to change—and cruelly insinuates you have left me forever. But you who have beguiled my weary hours, poured the oil of comfort into my bereaved heart; can never be guilty of so dreadful a thought. We are singularly situated, Conrad; we are alone amid thousands—let us twine together like twin buds on a lonely stalk, and blossom, and fade, and die, and share one common tomb—emblems of enduring affection—but you will playfully ask, where is my boasted gaiety? when sorrow displays her cankering fangs, I am *myself* Conrad—the weak minded, alone despair. The truly intelligent mind, soars above the changes of earth nor would I now indulge in complaint if it were not to one I can communicate in perfect freedom. The vulgar crowd could never detect the sorrow concealed beneath the veil of gaiety, and when I mingle in the world

and its varied amusements, I laugh with the careless, and smile with the cheerful.

Aunt is profuse to a fault in her gifts; but it is the real meaning of this generosity, the essence of this kindness that affects me. Oh that she would heap the cast-off wardrobe of her meanest servants upon me, so that I might sense one gleam of sunshine, one deep sealed thought of pure affection from her chilling heart. It is for the world she lives, and moves, and has her being, for the paltry encomium of the multitude I live a prey to her insatiate thirst of worldly love—a tool for her exhaustless vanity, to praise; and approve, a thousand things against my own conscience. It is not the love of the world, or the possession of lucre can satisfy and ensure my happiness, it is the peace at home I desire—it is that I crave. My aunt is naturally possessed of a good understanding and a generous disposition; but her dominative temper requires too much, and she is easily irritated. A word about your fair passenger, you gallant her through an admiring crowd! I am not jealous—only amazed!—it is only a broad we can really test character.

Yours in purity of affection. MARIA.

LETTER III.

FAYETTEVILLE.

I acknowledge the receipt of yours Maria, with thanks. I took the stage for Fayetteville and have remained here some time. The distance from Wilmington is about 90 miles, there is nothing to engage the attention of the traveller, except a continued succes-

sion of pine trees, with now and then an opening in this vast forest, displaying a log hut, smoking tremendously. After I arrived I took a review of the town, which lays on level ground, watered by a small creek that runs into Cape Fear, from which river all the produce of this place is shipped to Wilmington. There is some houses of note; the state bank—a block in Hay-street composed of brick; a large block of buildings is slowly progressing just below Hay Mount. There are a Theatre and Masonic Hall—the former is rather indifferent; a state house and market—above the market the Presbyterians meet to worship—it is a very ordinary place; a methodist meeting house where the blacks chiefly resort—they are very enthusiastic in their worship, and their groans can be heard distinctly—but I must confess there are a few white families that belong to this church, that are an exception to this violent ranting set, as mony term them. I have had the pleasure of being introduced to them, and if a cheerful exterior, combined with their quiet manner of worship, is sufficient evidence of religion, then are they religious.

The academy serves a double purpose, a seminary of learning on week days, and on Sunday the Episcopalians hold their worship there.*

By the way—your severe remark on my gallantry was rather just, I will acknowledge she was passing

*This description was taken several years ago; the town has improved much since, very elegant Episcopal and Presbyterian churches have been added. But the most conspicuous edifice, is the La Fayette hotel—it is quite an ornament to the town It was

fair, and would have given you some cause to fear the ancient monster, jealousy; but the want of cash, Maria, is rather a preventative for the inclination: so no more of her. She was young—too young; and the world is yet new to her infant mind. Our parting was tender, and the sight might move your own compassionate heart. She is the first rival you ever had any cause to dread; but I am more than yours now, and after all, it is but a childish whim; do not give it a thought, but hope for a day when we shall in each other live and die, as your metaphor beautifully predicts. I shall leave here soon—yours, CONRAD.

said when La Fayette visited here, he was highly delighted with his reception and entertainment in a town and hotel bearing his own name; and he was heard to declare he never had been so much at home, since he had left France. There are several improvements too lengthy to describe in detail, the above description will serve to evidence, that although Carolina is yet in her infancy, she may claim affinity with her Northern neighbors. The increase of her population is chiefly owing to the constant emigration from the North, for the purpose of gain; while many of her own inhabitants retire to Alabama and the neighboring states, in hopes of more lands, and an easier mode of cultivation. A planter of my acquaintance observed to me—he was going to the "*End* of the *Nois*"—meaning Illinois—to put his corn in the ground without the trouble of hoeing afterwards. Many are induced to sacrifice their own lands, and often the lives of their families, by such infatuation; leaving their former lands in all the beauty of springing verdure, and sure to yield them a sufficiency by honest industry. Their very travelling is as incommodious as miserable—pent up in a wagon, with hardly food sufficient to keep life together. As I was travelling through the back country, some miles beyond Fayette, I met a most wretched conveyance bound for the rich lands! a horse so worn down, you could count every bone in his body; drawing a small box of wood, placed on sticks, which served as wheels: in this enclosed box were four children, very young, with rags thrown around to keep them warm: a man was on the horse's back guiding him, and a boy sat behind, a woman barefoot, carrying her infant and a pack on her back, walked alongside.—It was the most miserable sight I ever beheld.

LETTER IV.

I am now dear Maria on board a ship bound for Surinam. Your imagination would never tire in viewing the scintillating sun, rise from his fathomless bed of waters, and set in its usual brilliancy—but even this beautiful sight, palls upon my satiated eyes! what shall I write you, you teasing jade? you avaricious vixen! woman's exhaustless curiosity is never satisfied! shall I tell you we have a fair breeze—studding sails set—and what next? you little eager guinea-hen, with your unintelligible jabber! you lisping curled headed encroacher! you trespass on patience!—impose on good nature!—would it still the restless wanderings of your curious little black eyes to tattle to you about a ship's phrases? how the compass is boxed, or what sail 'was furled, or unfurled? No, I will not—remain then an ignoramus! for I never should rest in peace by a bright fire, at your own fireside, or inhale the sweet scented blossoms in your bowery, till you attained to the knowledge of every rope attached to a ship—you monopolizer of hearts! every coil of your dark hair adds another link to your train of admirers!

Maria we caught a grampus to-day, and two sharks, cut one up, put spritsail-yard across another, and set him adrift. Each shark has always two small fish for pilots: they are about the size and likeness of a pickerel.

Maria, I rise about 8 o'clock, breakfast, read, dine, take a nap, rise, walk the deck, take a peep at the com-

pass, take tea, and at ten retire again to sleep. Blessed is he who *can sleep* as well as *retire*.

At intervals I amuse myself with a cigar, which is rather a growing favorite—thus I have written a pretty correct paragraph.

July 4th. This day is ushered in by American cannon. How many people there are, in America, at this moment, enjoying, and celebrating the era of their Independence! and how many there are, out of those limits, confined to the very small space of 100 feet—I among the latter—many are doomed to wear away the tedious moments as they roll. I almost envy the pleasure the day affords, to the young men of my acquaintance, in my native city. It is to be hoped dear girl, I shall never again be placed in a situation so disagreeable as the present one; for I have not only the consideration of being deprived of the enjoyments which this day gives to every American—but being at sea, and a light wind add, a correct supposition, that we are to the northward of our port; and perhaps eventually, may set to the leeward. These are sensations, both disagreeable and irreconcilable; however, hope the sheet anchor of man, yet braces me; and if the Lord will favor us with a strong breeze we may arrive soon.

We spoke with a ship to-day Maria—to meet a fellow being on the ocean, reminds me of the deserts of Arabia—can the mariner be less elated, than a lone traveller on that desert of sand?

Surinam—here we are safe and sound; only I had got too much used to the sailors rolling walk, to appear

quite the gentleman; I fear, if I plough the ocean much more, you will scarcely recognise me; but you say, you like to see a sun-burnt cheek—but yet I fear that bright luminary has kissed mine too frequently for your pouting lip to relish. For variety's sake, I will give you a description of the funeral ceremonies here.

The Governor of the colonies, of Surinam and Barbice, residing in Parimaribo, died this morning of a short illness. He was interred in the afternoon, after the following ceremonies. The counsellor dressed in red, and the officers of the goverment, followed the corpse, which was laid on a bier, and carried by soldiers. The military preceded the corpse——the infantry fired once, before they moved, and then proceeded to the burial-ground: when they arrived, they fired twice. After the Governor was consigned to earth the followers went home promiscously; and the military retired to their barracks. The manner of their interment is dissimilar to that of the United States.

Surinam is a very pretty town, and is about as large as Providence, R. I.

Again my dear girl, I am on the ocean; we left Parimaribo on Thursday, and was brought too, off Fort Amsterdam; after having sent to the Governor for a pass. The captain sent a voucher on shore, to certify that we had paid for the shot, fired at us going in! we thought best to make sail, and press by the fort; which was done, but the tide was too strong for the wind; consequently they fired three shot at us; but fortunately none reached us. After the third shot, we hove too, and came to anchor.

Our captain then went on shore with the ships papers; and being rather vexed, was not very complaisant; went to the captain of the fort; who ordered a picquet guard on board the ship. Our captain then went immediately to town, and took an officer from the fort there, and returned with orders to the captain to sign the pass, which he did very humbly. Ere this time, if justice is done, the scoundrel's head is parted from his body. The object in stopping the ship, was to make us pay for a few shot, which cost, for each one, six dollars. This is one of the methods by which these half starved, half paid, and half clothed soldiers get their subsistence.

LETTER V.

WILMINGTON.

You have no doubt, dear Maria, received my last package ere this, I was much gratified to find a letter from you in the post office on my return here. Business is rather gloomy. I had an offer from an acquaintance of mine, to go shares with me in the purchase of a brig, and try our luck at Gibraltar—I think I shall venture it. If I do, I must see you before I go; for the distance is too full of danger to admit of a longer absence, my heart has long yearned to avail myself of that pleasure; nor would I, dear companion of my thoughts, ever leave you, to plough the ocean any more, could I gain sufficient to maintain us ashore. You write too melancholly Maria, you know not the influence on my own mind. I have to restrain many sen-

timents of feeling—we must be above these trifles of a day. In your last you requested my advice on a very critical point—your behaviour in the circle in which you move, and how to conduct with propriety before us lords of the creation. I admire you for the application *to me*, but while my admiration is excited, I seriously regret my incapacity to do justice to so reasonable a request I can but advise you to read: yet forbear the sweetmeat kind *now*—hereafter, your better judgment will disgust you with too much of it. Reading often gives as deep an insight, in the human character, as experience: yet it is from the world, and from experience, you must collect the ingredients, which compounded and matured, are the only safe and lasting qualities, on which you can securely rest: I should fall far short in one communication—of telling you all that *might*, and *ought* to be said on the subject—leaving my very limited knowledge of etiquette out of the question altogether—be discreet—discretion is every thing—be a careful observer of men, and things; but never be known as such. Be not too forward, neither too reserved; some men are pleased with a romp, some with a sentimentalist, others with beauty—but *all* with modesty! above all, speak ill of no one; scan not the reputation of your neighbor—women are very deceitful, yet not so much as man. Take care who you choose for confidantes; be *always just and fear not*; regard not too much the public clamor—people will talk—you might as well attempt to change the current of the sea—hush the roaring of a mighty cataract, or direct the course of heavens brightest luminary, as en-

deavor to silence the busy public:—in a word, your own *discretion* must be your tutor.

Maria do give me a description of New-York—I dare believe it will be interesting; for I have almost forgotten the place—only think, how long I have been absent; farewell, dear girl—write soon and cheerfully.

CONRAD.

LETTER VI.

NEW-YORK.

Well Conrad, then you require of my feeble pen, a description of this London of America. I certainly have a desire to amuse you, but what a tax! you then would have me send a chart of the city—drawn too by myself, what you would think inexhaustible, I must exhaust in a whiff. Why to write even the names of the streets, would take half a day—not including the churches, which are about a hundred. Here it is all bustle—seeing every body, and knowing no one; carriages and drays, continually roaring on the pavements—and now—even now, while I am writing, such a continual roaring from the sailors—'yeo heave ho'!—and the cries of chimney sweeps, and market people and fishermen, that I can hardly distinguish what is said, between two girls, at my elbow, describing Miss Butterfly's dress at Mrs. Miller's party—and how it was admired—and every *minutea* concerning late patterns, and new beaux, and homely girls; I seated myself and escritoir at the window, to give you a correct picture—here comes a dandy swinging along in the real jemmy-jump style—now a pert Miss—an alder-

man, with his corpulent dignity, crowding along midst drunken sailors, old women, porters, merchants, and bulky plough boys: mingled with the cry of all kinds of articles, from the necessary to the superfluous—this is something like New-York. And last not least your advice was thankfully received, and shall be as far as possible faithfully attended to. "Discretion and prudence," has ever been my motto. I never had a right kind of protector, but was pushed through the crowd at random. To escape the curled rancorous tongue of slander, the mind must be ever on the alert. I know that female fame, hangs on a slender foundation, and endeavor to disarm fell slander of her keen edged weapon, by an upright candid behavior. The public opinion cannot be disregarded, and I believe however destitute and unprotected, if the individual possesses a cultivated intellect, and an upright heart, she can always attain the society most calculated to cheer her—that of the wise and good: for in my opinion there are but two classes, although there are very many grades in our city, and those two are the intelligent and the ignorant. But alas! how many flowers perish for the want of nurture!—to be bereft of one's own kindred, to pine alone in a cold world—for one young, and inexperienced, to be parted from the object of its fondest affection, it is no common misery; but you see I am relapsing into my usual strain: but united minds can never be seperated; and may we hold this intelligent intercourse, as a treasure. Recollect, they that can test the rectitude of their own hearts need not fear the malicious censures of an ill-natured

world. Let us choose religion for our comfort, and God as our guide. It is religion that can ameliorate the heart, and open before us a glorious prospect: that can heal the wounds of disappointment and extract the bitterness of sorrow, soften our hearts, and prepare them for a better world. Can a rational mind, be ashamed of what ennobles, and dignifies human nature? it never ought—but there are many individuals of this degrading nature, who would not acknowledge, that they ever gave an ejaculation to the Throne of Grace in their lives—it is heathenish—it is degrading.

You speak of returning, I cannot say all I wish on the subject; but I do hope you will return soon. A separation from those I love, augments rather than diminishes affection. I anticipate much happiness on your return; however, there is no dependance to be placed on a state so precarious. The most flattering prospects, will dance before our easily deluded fancy; and after leading us through the winding mazes of hope and fear, elude our wishes, and in the end, leave us a prey to disappontment. But yet dear Conrad if we choose the right path, we may yet become happy. My wish, is to know myself—and that is the chiefest of knowledge; to pluck away the 'tares,' and sow the 'wheat' shall be my future task.

In the sincerity of affection, MARIA.

LETTER VII.

GENOA.

I will now, dear Maria, give myself the pleasure of informing yon of my safe arrival. Our cargo will do

better here than at Gibraltar. Having a leisure moment, I cannot, in my opinion, occupy it better, than by giving you some idea of my observations, while travelling. A few days after my arrival, I partially explored the huge rock of Gibraltar, attended by two natives as guides. After having travelled two hours, we ascended six flights of stone steps; each flight consisting of about 150 steps. I arrived at its summit, on the East side, which is the back part of the rock where it is nearly perpendicular, and is computed to be about 1900 feet above the surface of the sea. On the South, and at the summit, are to be seen the ruins of St. George's Tower, which was located purposely, for a place of observation, and intended to be raised to a height, from which they could watch the movements at Cadiz; it was however struck by lightning before it could be perfectly completed, and the project was then entirely abandoned.

On the West part of the rock, which fronts the bay, lies the town; which is about two miles long, and is enclosed by stone batteries, which are thought to be impregnable. The declivity of the front, is so steep, as to render it impossible to ascend, or descend, on a parallel line. Among the most remarkable curiosities of Gibraltar, is a subterraneous passage, called St Michaels cave. A few days since it was lighted in compliment to a French Ambassador, who visited Gibraltar, solely for the purpose of viewing its local situation. He entered the cave, with *suite* and attendants, and proceeded about the distance of one mile: the obstupefactive state of the atmosphere, in the interior, was of such force that they had to abandon it—beyond that

distance will extinguish a light. It is believed by many that the passage extends across the Straits; and we very well know that it was a belief of the ancients that when the world was created, the two continents of Europe and Africa were connected. The excavations at the north end of the rock, are such as to render a correct description difficult, if not unattainable. Tiers of artillery, projecting one above another, and batteries are planted on all the commanding heights. The most splendid and warlike exhibition that I have ever witnessed, was when each gun in the rock was fired, as a salute to their French Guest. No event could be imagined, more terrific to the people of Great Britain, than the loss of Gibraltar; or could give greater cause for exultation among their enemies. It is the key to the Mediterranean, and no other nation could well retain it; for Great Britain with her navy, can supply the inhabitants with those provisions that its limited situation, and sterility of the soil refuse to yield.

The number of inhabitants is computed at 15000 souls; 3000 of which belong to the military department.

The city of Genoa is very large, and is beautified with stupendous buildings. It stands at the foot of a high mountain, on the sea, which renders the prospect from the bay delightful. The streets are impassible with carriages. There is a great commercial business carried on here, and there are perhaps at this moment 400 sail of merchantmen in port.

This city is one of the most ancient of the Mediterranean; and it is said that they possessed a hexagonal vase, known by the name Sacro Catino or sacred plate,

which an Augustine monk endeavored to prove, to be the very vessel in which the paschal lamb was served up, to Christ and all his apostles, on the eve of his ascension. The design was very ingenious; but the vessel has been examined by a committee of chemists, who declared it to be nothing more than a piece of coloured glass.

I have nothing more to add; and only hope you enjoy as good health as I do. Your last letter gave me infinite delight; to acknowledge our faults is the surest road to reformation; may the Omnipotent still direct you in the path you have chosen; and may we both arrive at last, after troubles and trials are done, to the mansion of eternal rest. CONRAD.

P. S. To prophecy a disappointment, often ensures one—when you receive this, you will doubtless be grieved, that fate should frown on our meeting; but I will still hold out the anchor of hope to your view; believe me, my dear girl, that after this voyage, which has so far been prosperous—we shall meet, never to part; for I think I have acquired sufficient to commence business in our native city. I intend to still keep my share in the Brig Tontine, and continue in the commission business; you are very still about your conquests—I do know you are susceptible of love, why then do you secrete from me, that you are also capable of inspiring it in others. The foul fiend jealousy, I suppose, silences all confidence.

LETTER VIII.

NEW-YORK.

Your favor dear Conrad, was received joyfully. Can there be a solace equal to this channel of communication, save the presence of the object personally? there cannot I am convinced: it almost satisfies my anxious heart and balances the disappointment of not seeing you. Although as you must judge, it was very great. But you will always continue to throw me some flowers among the thorns; and hope is a beautiful vision, to which you cling in all extremities. I will to please you, grasp at the shadow, till I can reach the substance: yet perhaps in complying, I court greater trials and disappointments. Goldsmith advises us, always to look on the bright side of things, and also he says there is not so much glory in never falling as in rising *every time* we fall.

Without further comment let me inform you, that my spirits are below par—and greatly do I rejoice that you are coming home. By my aunt's extravagance, she has nearly exhausted her fortune; which never was sufficient to meet the demands of her splendid entertainments. I know not what will become of her; for she exists but in the smiles of her adulated circle. We have had to cut some of our acquaintances, which adds fuel to her irritable temper; and I do not even live comfortably; for I sense my dependance ten-fold: and she was cruel enough, to hint the

other day, that I was the chief cause of all her misfortunes—for this reason—because I would not accept the offer of Mr. Fenelon, who you know, is very wealthy—she said if I had any gratitude—I might remunerate some of her favors. Conrad, I have long borne with her uneven temper, but I never was accused of ingratitude before; for she well knows, I have often remonstrated against such profusion. If I have erred in accepting, what she took infinite delight in seeing others admire—may I be forgiven. I cannot sacrifice my peace of mind, to remunerate, even this great debt of her own imprudence. It is painful to write such unpleasing intelligence to you; but you are the only one to whom I may look for present succor and may it come speedily! I believe if it had not been for you, dear Conrad, I should have been tempted to sacrifice my happiness, in consenting to this union: for the gentleman above named, is every way worthy my esteem, my love is but a mite in the balance against unrequited obligations: however, even amidst this portentous cloud, I have a young friend who is much interested in my welfare: when you come I will introduce you to her, and she may surpass, even the fair passenger, whom you took such pains to please. I have a surprise for you, Conrad, so to hasten you home, I will e'en keep the secret. To enhance the mystery, I will just drop a word about a *brother* of hers, of whom she is incessantly speaking;—and to cap the climax, I have never seen him, but through the medium of a letter; by the contents, I should judge he was possessed of a brilliant intellect. Now this is mystery

—this is excitement—and when you return, the whole may be unravelled to your satisfaction. Suffice it to add, our acquaintance is rather superior, to the mere formal etiquette of city friends. I believe she loves me sincerely. She is a paragon of beauty and has a fine mind—to hear her reason would amuse you. I believe she has been crossed in love; for, what think you of this?—"Maria," said she, the other night, as we were anxiously expecting our partners to attend a ball, "There is no faith, or confidence to be placed in man, do not be too sanguine in your expectations. The heart of man is a fathomless abyss—he knows his own motions; but every one else, must be an absolute stranger to them—Dissimulation is a characteristic quality—they glory in falsehood—The weakness of our sex, shameful as it appears to a generous mind, is their triumph. The ruin of an unfortunate woman, is too often owing to a noble cause; and sensibility, and a generous confidence are frequently repaid with the blackest ingratitude. Were we possessed of less susceptible hearts, we should not fall a prey so often, to the arts of designing men. I am no satirist; but truth and experience, has led me to make these observation. You know I am not an enemy to the sex, I am sensible there are many, worthy and excellent hearts; but the wheat, and the chaff, are so intermixed, that it is very difficult to make a just distinction. Be very careful of your heart—for when once disposed of, it is not easily recalled. There is no knowing even by the most unqualified professions, at what the heart of man really aims!"

But a truce with her moralizing. A man must, I

think, be possessed of more than common rhetoric, to engage a heart, so well fortified as hers appears to be. But only think Conrad she is younger than I am. I treasure her friendship highly; the generality of my friends have no idea of a delicate friendship! their feelings are too gross, too worldly, to taste the refinements of it: but my chosen friend is of a different texture from them:—how often Conrad, is this term, friend, abused, and made a cloak for the vilest of purposes! Some think there is no such thing on earth as strict friendship; and those who profess to be, are entitled enthusiastic romancers. I can give the lie to this unreasonable aspersion; and yet we are too apt to be taken by the specious appearance of a graceful person, and overlook the more valuable endowments of interior worth: it is true, an amiable form, when joined with manners equally engaging, has attractions almost irresistible;—but in the choice of a friend, we should not be swayed by external accomplishments:—the disposition of the mind, and the sentiments of the heart, should determine our choice; that can produce a steady attachment; if the object is possessed of that one thing needful, there is nought to fear;—may this benign corrector of the heart, make a deeper impression on yours! Conrad, I do wish—you would think more of it than you do; encourage serious thoughts—gayety does not always make us more happy—if they come to you, court their stay; would you willingly forego your hopes of future happiness, for the unsubstantial joys of this present visionary life? You surely would not.—Then my dear Conrad, as you value my

love—aye—and reverence a greater than I—choose this Beacon for your guide—it will support you through every vicissitude—that we want more than human fortitude, to bear up under the trials, incident to the present state, the vexations we are constantly exposed to are sufficient evidence. Dear Conrad, when I contemplate the sublime glories of the invisible world;—how contemptible, and insignificant are earthly honors! and how weak, and insipid, every enjoyment below the skies! How delightful is the thought, that the affections we form here on earth,—death itself can never divide;—but that we can meet our loved ones beyond the grave! Feeble man! how weak, and ineffectual, thy efforts, to counteract the commands of Heaven! Recollect dear Conrad, the power religion has over our hearts, inclines us to be submissive to the great disposer of events:—Yet I cannot help acknowledging, I repine much at fate, when I consider my present misfortunes. Soon, they will be made public, and there are some persons who will exult to behold them. Surely, that bosom must be divested of every benevolent principle, that can rejoice, in the sufferings of a fellow creature! but there are many—degrading as the acknowledgement is, to human nature. Your knowledge of mankind, and your own experience, will convince you of this truth! I hope you will not laugh at my philosophy; for I am sure, these must be the sentiments of every thoughtful mind!

I shall not expatiate longer; for my limits warn me to close—and only observe of this downfall—that there

are some poor souls, that are not refined enough, to appreciate the exalted pleasures of wealth and rank, nor can they be sensible of the acute distresses of a reverse but jog on calmly themselves, and care not for the prosperity, or adversity of others:—or if they notice it, it is only to make some unfeeling, or censorious remark. But I trust that you, and the fair unknown, will ever remain true to me. For affection, founded on reason and supported by truth, is too strongly cemented, even for time or misfortunes to erase.—Conrad, you will think my quill was plucked from one of those wild geese that passes even this hub-bub of a City, and that the propensity of that wild creature, has made rapid progress through my brain, so I'll e'en close and wish you a pleasant voyage, but do write once more—your affectionate MARIA.

P. S. Your letter was amusing, and instructing, do give me more descriptions.

LETTER IX.

GIBRALTAR.

With pleasure dear Maria, I improve the present conveyance of sending you another scrawl, in answer to your truly impressive letter. There is something really charming, in true friendship, and disinterested love —they are the life of the mind, and as essential to its existence, as food is to the body; the latter makes constant demands, for the gratification of nature in order to its preservation—so the former, requires as constant a circulation of the fine sensations.

The faculties of the mind cannot be inactive—they must be ever employed, and always in motion—in doing acts of kindness for those we love, and exercising forbearancce to those we hate.

I admire your style of writing! and may you write many such sermons, to *your wayward* Conrad—You are sensible he needs such serious advice often—It is woman alone, that can, by her mild persuasions, lead perverse men to the altar of religion;—and there infuse holy thoughts by her precepts, and more than all, by her example of purity:—would there were more Maria's, to dare out their thoughts—for surely, they most become a female; and cast a bewitching loveliness, around her sacred form! Maria, it is woman, that is responsible at last, for man's happiness—and how little, they think of this grand *desideratum* of their power—but to your request—If I were to attempt to retail to you the different scenes which has been my lot to pass through, it would comprise a journal of some magnitude,—filled up with every species of privations, hunger and thirst, disappointments both bitter and salutary—hopes and gains, fluctuations, thoughts of an almost distracted mind;—with little more than a competency of fortitude to check them—Fortune that fickle dame has played such strange tricks with me, for enduring her fantastics with so much forbearance, and composedness. Adversity is a rugged nurse, and life such as mine, were useless, and tiresome, if we could not console ourselves with the belief, that lessons instilled by adversity, were salutary; inasmuch as they may compensate by affording a contrast, should we in

our subsequent life, be relieved from our cares, and perplexities:—and I hope by unswerving determination to continue in the paths of rectitude, and wait the events of unceasing time, that I shall not ever remain as the coblers wife who was always the last woman in the village who got a pair of shoes. The world seems almost ready to explode, and discharge itself of its unprecedented commixture, of iniquity, and avarice—but what will be the final result of so much fraud, speculation, and atrocity, cannot be easily foretold; but I am of an opinion, that as the world wars, it indicates something more dreadful than the human mind is capable of conceiving!—The devastation which is so discoverable in the affairs of men, is attributable in a great degree to the superabundant number of styled merchants, whose minds and capacities, were limited at the outset; whose idea of the manners of the world, never extended a degree from their fireside, have stalked forth and mingled with 'the busy hum' of the universe, little thinking, that experience is the most essential of all other acquirements—They are possessed of the needful cash, and blindly think this, all that is required;—they domineer over others, whose enlarged views, can penetrate their contracted thoughts—but the need of pecuniary assistance silences all controversy. I am writing rather unintelligibly, to a girl who has scarce seen sixteen summers—but I have indulged in a mercantile subject, to give you some idea of a mind like mine, somewhat improved to yield under men who are limited in knowledge, and powerful with a full purse.

Your situation is perplexing in the extreme;—however, I trust soon to be with you, and all may yet be well. You might have been kind enough, to have written the *name*, of your fair incognita;—but very well, I will soon repay you, for such mystery;—and as to her brother, why there is not much danger of him, if you have not had ocular proof of his accomplishments. Our brig will sail soon, and we shall undoubtedly be in New-York by the 20th of June. Farewell dear Maria, and may Heaven look kindly on thy fate, till it shall please the Mighty Ruler of our destinies to waft me to thy release. With affection.

CONRAD.

* * * * * * * *

Long weeks rolled by, and Maria, had experienced the severest agony the human heart could undergo:—she had never heard from Conrad—at the time she received the letter above recorded, Hope, that charming deceiver, visited her waking, and sleeping thoughts. Her prayers had gone forth, that she might once more see this idol of her heart, and once more, enjoy uninterrupted happiness, in being reunited never to part. Her health had visibly declined, and her aunt, had taken her from place, to place, hoping that change of scene might restore her, but she was not seen to smile until she arrived at Montpelier, the residence of Judge Vernon and was clasped to the bosom of her friend Rosalvina Le Roy.

The day arrived, when uncertainty no more harassed her feelings—but the alternative was agoni-

zing! She was uncommonly lively that day and Rosalvina was endeavoring to make her believe, it was a good omen; and a presage, that the day, might terminate with much joy. Sad foreboding!—Maria's life was nearly the forfeit of her own imprudence.

"Here comes Tom," said her friend, gaily, "with a goodly budget from the office, you have made good speed Tom to-day" continued Rose as she placed a piece of sponge-cake in his hand.

"Thank-ye Madam," returned wooley head, while his thick lips expanded displaying teeth that might court a comparison, with the purest ivory—bowing his head, with a quick flourish of both hands, and the left foot, he withdrew to masticate the treasure.

"Louis, is profuse in his compliments to you Maria," said Rosalvina, as she placed a letter in her hands—"and here is the Evening Post—I know you will read my brothers letter with more interest, after you have taken a glance over the ship news.

The two friends were soon truly engaged in searching the Marine list—Suddenly the paper dropped from the nerveless hands of Maria; and she was a moveless image of despair—Not a word escaped her, not a tear fell;—for grief, overpowering grief, had congealed her heart!—Suddenly she appeared to possess super natural strenght, and taking the paper from the floor, she summoned her aunt, and read aloud the following paragraph.

Arrived—Ship Enterprise from Canton—In lat 39, lon 70, fell short of water;—20th inst. spoke Brig Tontine from Gibralter, bound for New-York, received in-

vitation to board her,—accepted—and got supply of water, left the Brig—steered off to the leeward—a violent storm ensued, stranded most of our rigging and carried away our fore-top-mast—the next morning to our great surprise, pinked up some boxes marked with the name of the Brig, and one of her boats. This is to inform all interested that the Brig Tontine is undoubtedly lost, with all her crew and cargo.

Maria had finished,—and her aunt was in a paroxysm of grief—her friend was weeping violently, she alone was calm, but it was a deadly calmness, more terrible even than violent grief.

"Look at that beautiful mountain!" she said with a ghastly smile, pointing to the scene "behold it now bending over the beautiful valleys, and full crowned fields, displaying its majestic garb of trees and its gift of wild flowers as if in mockery to the art of man—All nature is quiet, so was my heart once, but the storm came—I am calm now, and very happy, aye, happy as that child sporting on the green sward before its mothers dwelling—but the thunder comes!—I hear it, and the lightning—look! look!—that tall tree is shivered to atoms!—and what a black cloud has come over the pleasant sky!—My heart was just so, the morning, star of my hope had risen, but a cloud came, heavy, and black, and cold—I looked at it and wondered, and tried to get one ray of glad sunshine—and I could not —but I am happy now—very happy;" and she folded her hands upon her bosom and looked on the war of elements—for a storm had indeed risen, giving a fearful image of a seared heart, and a blighted intellect—Maria was a maniac.

Long had they hoped that reason might be restored, but in vain—and as a last resource her friends conveyed her to the Philadelphia Asylum for the insane, attended by Rosalvina and her brother Louis, who was then from New-York on a visit to his sister. Having business to attend to at Philadelphia, he made this for an excuse to linger some weeks round the spot where dwelt the beautiful maniac.

On one of his visits to the Asylum, he had unknown to Maria, entered her room and leaned over her shoulder, to observe some lines she was tracing on paper, with a pencil. They were as follows: And when he was tossed among the troubled seas—and the howling storm swept over him—and the angry billows beat against him heavy and fast—Oh God! didst thou not smile on the black waves, and bid him be strong and fear not. Didst thou not stretch out thine hand and lift up his struggling soul from the fearful waters! I know thou didst—and the triumphant spirit looked on the poor body as it went down, down into the fearful depths—and rejoiced that it might not die. Oh God! it was a righteous thing to take him away!—but when the storms come and the thunders burst over my head and the winds rise and the sea is troubled, O then I see my Conrad in the agony of death, contending with the great waves, and my heart burns, and my eyelids are scorched—they are hot and heavy; O I would give my heart's best pleasure for tears! take away food, it sickens me—but O give me tears. But we shall meet again—we *two* shall meet; merciful God hasten the day!

"But why so selfish, Maria?" said Louis, softening his voice to a feeling pathos, and taking her hand—"Rose and myself claim some of your affections—do we not? see Maria you only say two."

She clasped her thin hands together, and looking wildly in his face franticly exclaimed "Who are you? you weep! Ah stranger! he is gone—gone—down—down—deeper and deeper—the lightnings flash over him, and the thunder tolls his knell—but they cannot wake him—he sleeps; do you know it. Ah! he's dead! the paper told me so; Rose read it with me—and I read it all to her, did'nt I Rose?—twas good news—do you remember it ? ha, ha, ha! The sharks and the great whales have eaten him! no matter! there is something *here*"—placing her hand on her head, "no matter—they could not eat that! it flew up, up; up! just like the spirit of Conrad—God has taken away a dreadful weight—it was just crushing me—but he has taken it away—he is safe—he is happy now and so am I"—and then exhausted, she leaned her head on her hand, while Louis knelt before her; She laid the other hand on his pale brow and appeared calm as if nothing had escaped her.

She patted his forehead playfully, and stooping forward, kissed it with fervor. Suddenly, the crimson suffused her face and neck, with the deepest dye; and she repulsed him with great dignity;—gazing round the room she espied Rosalvina, and tremblingly inquired "Where am I?"

"With me, dear Maria, and he is my own brother."

"*Yours*," said she, pressing her hand to her fore-

head, "I have none—I am all alone—and the tears which had been pent now fell in torrents, yet without any seeming paroxysm.

"Rosalvina, how long have I been with you? something has happened—and I think it has been very long; Oh! I recollect, my poor Conrad is gone—but I am at last reconciled.

And from that blest hour, reason was restored.

Years rolled on, and Maria became the wife of Louis Le Roy—But how changed—from the light, humorous girl, who mingled in the world's gay crowd, she had become a sedate, mild and amiable woman. Her own home held charms enough for her—The company of her beloved husband and her dear sister crowned her happiness: and she had another source of gratification—Her proud and impoverished aunt, had accepted an asylum in her house, and it was her daily study to return some of the favors which had been heaped upon her helpless childhood. A complete revolution had been effected in this woman—she saw the vanity of her former idols—she had detected the hollowness of pleasure—but she could not give them up—she had clung to them too long—and died, as she had lived, a lesson for those who are entirely dependent on the gay world for happiness.

Those very people, who had heretofore chilled Maria by their neglect, in the hour of need, now crowded around her, to bask in her recovered prosperity;—she had received their visits for her aunt's sake, with complacency, but now that tie was severedby death, Maria soon chose her own society.

Louis Le Roy was a doctor by profession, and as he was well known in New York, continued to practice there.

It was now eight years since the dreadful news of the shipwreck had reached them, and which the lapse of time had but too truly confirmed.

"Maria,' said her sister one day, as the former was dressing a bright boy, about two years old; "pray, did you observe that handsome Spaniard last evening, at Mrs. Wilton's—he stared at you the whole evening."

"You must have watched him very closely, to observe who he looked at—I merely recollect of being introduced to a Mr. Garcia—if that is the gentleman you allude to."

"Don Garcia, if you please, madam—the very one —well, is he not very beautiful?"

"Tolerable—why?"

"The fact is, I have thought of no one else, Maria—foolish or not, I never was so much pleased with a gentleman's manners in my life—I couldn't keep my eyes off of him an instant—what do you think of it?"

"That you are turning romantic and silly in your old age."

"Old age!—let's see,—a little the worse for wear, I will acknowledge;—but I am not 26 yet—and I think with some additional puffs and a toupet here and there, I might rally my still youthful spirits, and make the crowning conquest."

"A good plan, but Louis will laugh at your revolutionized opinions, when the defender of celibacy comes round the board to shake hands with matrimony."

"I know I shall incur his severity; but we old maids cannot come across a Don Garcia every day."

"Where do you expect to meet him next?"

"Here, by your permission, for Louis knows him; I shall have a charming *tete-a-tete*, with him in your absence, on domestic duties; for really, if you are present, I shall not have a glance."

"Rosalvina, I tell you I do not like Spaniards—they are such cut-throats—pray give up the idea."

"I cannot;—then you know, they say he is so rich."

"And will riches at last have effect? your grandfather has bestowed them profusely on you, why reach for more? my experience taught me it was all vanity and vexation of spirit, to aspire for aught more than was given me."

"I will say any thing—promise every thing—dear Maria, rather than call forth your long sermons, which are kindly given, but it chills my lively spirits so long, I dread to hear them."

The next evening, the rich stranger was invited;—and a second introduction was given to the ladies by Dr. Le Roy in person. Rosalvina was in her element, and the handsome Spaniard judged she was yet in her teens. The next morning, Rosalvina was determined to quiz Maria, for she had observed the latter appeared much interested in his converse with her, but spoke little—and once her eyes were moistened with tears—it was a very strange circumstance, and she was determined to solve it.

"Maria, how do you like Don Garcia now?"

"After all," said she, "I think there is an irresisti-

ble something, that deeply excites the attention, which I cannot resist—I wish he would never visit here again —I wonder if all Spaniards have the same influence."

"I cannot answer for that; but I hope you will not prejudice Louis against him, for have him I will, if it is a possible thing."

"Then he has made you proposals?"

"Rather fast, sister, to suppose that after an acquaintance of only two evenings—but I expect every moment when he will offer himself; for I have been very agreeable, and you know that is a great condescension for me."

The stranger had visited Rosalvina several times; but if Mrs. Le Roy was not present, he always appeared restless till she came. One evening, Maria had just laid her infant in the cradle and was playing with her little son; Louis and Rosalvina were absent.

"Some person knocks," said Maria, to a servant in an outer room.

It was Don Garcia. Maria received him with great politeness and dignity; offering him a chair, and at the same time informing him that Miss Le Roy was engaged this evening. After some desultory conversation had passed, he took the little boy on his knee by the never failing lure of a watch seal.

"My little hero, what is your name?" enquired Don Garcia.

"Conrad Waldro Le Roy," said the little fellow, speaking very distinctly.

Don Garcia first looked at the mother and then at the child, with a perfect wildness.

"Waldro did you say?"

"That is his name," said the mother, with a faltering voice and a quivering lip, "know you aught of that name?"

"Know that name! madam," said he, seizing her hand in forgetfulness, "tell me in compassion, if you know Maria?"

"I am Maria"

"My God! I thought so—and I am Conrad—your own——"

Maria heard no more, but she was pressed to his heart, and through the joy of hers, all sense fled.—Louis Le Roy entered in the midst of this scene, and the little Conrad, frightened almost out of his senses, screamed out, "Pa! pa! that man has killed my mama!"

Louis stood immovable. Conrad Garcia still held the senseless Maria, without a knowledge of the presence of any one.

"Base Spaniard," said Louis, taking his wife from the arms of Garcia, "would you deprive a family of their peace! come here Rose!" continued the distracted husband, as the latter entered thunderstruck, at the scene. Hastening to her friend, she soon applied restoratives to the inanimate form! Conrad appeared to be insensible of the speech of Louis, but continued to gaze on the features of Maria, with an appearance of insanity!

"Will you leave us!" said Louis, "for God's sake —for virtue's sake—never come here again!"

Maria raised her languid head.

'Louis!' said she, 'will you drive me back to insanity'

"Insanity!" repeated Conrad, and again he tore her away from the arms of her friends.

"The foul fiend jealousy, shall never part us! Le Roy! I dare you to seperate us!"

"Who are you?" said Rosalvina, "for heaven's sake say!"

"Conrad," said Maria, "Conrad—my own dear brother!"

Louis folded him in his arms. Rosalvina pressed his hand and exclaimed,

"I am Amphithrite—your old friend."

"Is it possible," said Conrad, "the mystery is unravelled to my satisfaction; you are a true prophetess, my dear sister, I am blest indeed!"

And the night passed in the full overflow of feeling, these circumstances may be well supposed to have excited, and the day dawned ere they had thought of time.

"You will dearest brother tell us all the particulars to-morrow," said Maria, as Conrad released her from the parting embrace, and they separated to retire—for the present go dream—aye dream of what you please" she added, glancing at the flushed cheek of Rosalvina.

The next morning, soon as breakfast was removed, and the little Conrad had been won to his uncle's knee, by the glittering allurement of a bright gold coin; Maria said, "come brother, we are anxious to hear all your adventures."

"For you to hear—or me to relate them *all* would occupy too much of our precious time now—I intend to economize and make my adventures last for winter

evenings amusements, till I am a grey old man—But to the principals.

"We left Gibralter soon after I wrote expecting to arrive in New-York by the 20th of the June following In lat. 39, lon. 70, we encountered a severe storm and were shipwrecked."

"One of the sailors and myself were saved by clinging to fragments of the masts which were separated from the vessel, and thrown at some distance by a heavy sea; we saw the gallant brig and all our comrades go down while we barely escaped being drawn into and swallowed up by the whirlpool which followed. I will not dwell on this painful situation—we were picked up by a Spanish brig bound to Callao; after having suffered more than you can well imagine. I had now lost all, and knowing that a knowledge of my misfortunes would only augment your misery, I would not go to New-York—but I wrote then, and afterwards but never received any reply."

An embassy to Lima on Commission business was proposed; I accepted, and at that place had the good fortune to conciliate the favor of an old Spaniard by the name of Garcia, who was without children and very wealthy—He offered me a home on condition that I would become his adopted son. I should have been happy, but for you, Maria; and Heaven knows the misery I have experienced on your account: I suppose you never received any of my letters?"

"I was in the Philadelphia asylum at the time you had written I suppose," said Maria.

Conrad shuddered.

"I thought you were dead; but thanks to the Almighty! he has reunited us at last! How long have you been in New-York, Conrad?"

"A month—I inquired for you every where, but could hear nothing."

"How did you get released from the good old Spaniard?" inquired Rosalvina.

"He is dead! and sadly did I grieve for him, for he was possessed of a kind heart, although he had many strange notions. He always used to sleep in a coffin! and when I endeavored to dissuade him to renounce it, he would say he knew he was going to die; and wished to be ready for the hour! for he never should think of death as much as he ought, if he did not retain his future bed!—Your grandfather, Rosalvina, where is he?"

"He is yet well, and lives at the South; but he is married—would you have thought it, Conrad? He is still kind to me, and has willed me half his fortune, besides he has allowed me to resume my own name and share my time between him and Louis."

"We will all accompany you back, Rosalvina," said Louis, "when you return, and pay our united respects to Mrs. Vernon; and you must not write the old gentleman that Conrad has returned, but let us see if he will recognise him."

"I'll lay a wager of that," returned Rosalvina. "Do you know that Maria endeavored to make me hate you? because, as she said, Spaniards are such cut-throats, and then, Conrad, she said you looked *tolerable*—can you believe it?"

"My sister does me honor!" said Conrad, bowing obsequiously, while his dark eyes gleamed with Spanish keenness.

"I never liked to look at him," said Maria, "I acknowledge, but his image troubled me exceedingly—more than I dared express, even to you, Louis; but Rosalvina, I suppose, thought so much of making a conquest over your heart, Conrad, that your frequent glances at me, caused a great uneasiness."

"Maria, you are severe," said Conrad, observing the confusion of her friend; "never mind, Rosalvina, I have cash enough now! Are you still disengaged? or have you forgotten that stormy night when you said you loved me! Years have passed away, but still my heart has gone back fondly, to that hour—I had then but a heart to offer you, and I scorned to obtrude my pennyless love on your notice; though I would have laid my *only treasure* at your feet—!"

"Why!—why was I left ignorant of your love?" sobbed the blushing Rose, as she fell almost insensible into the outstretched arms of Conrad.

"But will you not be mine?" whispered Conrad.

A smile and a blush, with one small hand laid playfully in his—were a very definite reply.

The next evening, they were all collected in the drawing room; and Maria eagerly asked Conrad to amuse them, with some of the Spanish customs, and manners.

"Do give us some account of your amusements brother; there is one thing I always thought I should like to know—is it true that Spanish ladies attend a Bull fight."

"A Bull bait is one of their favorite amusements; it gives as much delight to a Spanish lady, as it does to you to attend a theatre. The house, at Lima, built for the purpose, is of circular form; the seats are elevated, one above another, like the pit of a theatre. There is one particular seat, for Gen. Bolivar and his officers. The manner in which they bait these bulls, is this: Four or five men ride on horses, with red and green cloths, and ten are on foot; these have sharp knives and swords. As soon as the wild animal enters the enclosure, he runs at them with all force.—They then hold these cloths up before him, which enrages him more—and they run at him, when he does not observe them and stab him.

There were seven bulls killed, at the last Bait I witnessed. One of the men killed a bull at one blow, for which feat he received twenty dollars—there were four horses, decked on their heads, with a white plume, tipped with black; these horses are fastened to the bull and draw him out with great speed.

They had three pieces of fire-works. There was one piece in the middle of the area—as soon as the bull espied this figure, he ran his horns into it, and it went off. A man came out, riding on one of the bulls —the wild creature soon threw him; and another man seeing his desperate situation, threw a dart at the shoulder of the animal, which came clear through him—so ends the bull-bait."

"Horrid! cruel! abominable amusement!" exclaimed the attentive group.

"But tell us something more of Lima," said María.

"Lima is at present,* the most distressed place in the world. I took a walk through the city, and noted down the number of beggars I met with, which was no less than seventy-five, during a half hours ramble. These people say they have been rich once; but the frequent changes of government every two or three months, makes it impossible to keep any thing. They sell their clothes and every thing they possess, of value, to procure bread.

There are three streams of water, which come from the mountains and run through the city——without these Lima would be the most sickly city in the world. The corporation have men employed to keep the streams clear of rubbish; for the people cast all their dirt into them. There are about 40 churches, which contain 10 or 12 bells in each steeple. These churches are very elegantly carved, outside and in. The St. Augustine steeple, has nine bells strung in the windows. One very large bell is hung in the centre.—This church covers a square of about 700 feet in length, and the same in breadth; in the centre are two large copper fountains. There is an immense quantity of gold and silver in these churches. The saints—and there are many of them—are all decorated with the precious metals. The pillars that support the altar, are two feet in circumference, and are cased in silver. These images which are crowned, are encased in large mahogany frames, with glass set into them. About two years ago, the Governor of this city ordered a part of the St. Augustine church, pulled down, to make room for his carriage, to turn

* 1821—22.

before the theatre, which order was executed. The houses all have flat roofs, and are built of clay and mud, on the back part; the fronts are of brick, the partitions made of cane-poles. It never rains there, but a heavy dew falls in the night, and supplies the earth with moisture.

The Spaniards keep better regulations, than the Patriots; with the former if a man steals the amount of four rials he is shot. When the Patriots had possession, there was nothing else but a continual succession of robberies. There were two English captains killed on the road between Lima and Callao. The robbers hid behind the trees, and escaped. Trees are planted all along each side of the road, which is about eight or nine miles. I remember there were two Spaniards shot for the bare suspicion of being thieves,—and after they were shot, were found to be innocent. Their manner of shooting the prisoner is as follows: They are conducted from their prison, guarded by eight soldiers, who march, four each side of the prisoner; and a Pardre, which is called friar, or monk, walking in the middle, confessing his sins. When arrived at the destined place, the prisoner places himself on a seat made for the purpose; and his hands and legs, are bound fast—If the first fire misses, it is continued until he is effectually shot. After they are shot, the soldiers march off—the hearse approaches, and the bodies are put in a rough coffin with their clothes on, and committed to their mother earth. I was walking up the street, one day, a man rushed past me in a gore of blood—he fell—and died—and the friars came

running out, and chanted over their pater noster, and no more was said of him—he was buried and his revengeful adversary came into the church beating his breast, and saying "*Dios! dios! pardon me!*"

I was in Lima, at the time there was so much fear excited, by the Patriot-mountaineers. These Patriots have taken possession of the back part of the State, and cause great terror to the inhabitants. A party of them came down from their mountains, and espied a Spanish officer riding on a horse, shrouded in a cloak; as soon as he saw them he threw off his cocked hat to disguise himself. Some English officers being on the road, they waived their swords for them to clear away, which they accordingly did. They shot the officer through the arm, which caused him to fall, and then they took away his horse and left him. I hope Gen. Bolivar may yet subjugate these people, and say as Hannibal did, "and once more I say we are conquerers." If it is considered the bravest to overcome an enemy, it is the most politic to subjugate those people who are under your own authority.

These mountaineers are a blood-thirsty set, and a terror to their adversaries. One day, a woman came in from the country, to sell her produce, when a Patriot-mountaineer came to her, and asked for some potatoes—she denied him resolutely, and called them a set of robbers. The mountaineer asked her who she was—"A Spaniard!" was the reply; and she added, "I never will deny my country." The man told her if she repeated it again, he would sever her head from her body. She dared to repeat it, and her life was

soon the forfeit; I was an eye witness of the scene, and questioned the mountaineer, concerning his cruelty; he said such were his orders from Gen. Bolivar; and that he must obey his superior. It was generally known there, that Bolivar held an inveteracy against the very name of Spaniard. The cause of this hatred was well known to be the murder of his wife and child who were shockingly massacred by the Spaniards."

"Do tell us something of their funeral ceremonies," said Rosalvina, "I have been told they are very sigular."

"They begin their funeral ceremonies in the night, which is as follows:—All the Pardre's of the same church, assemble at the house of the deceased, where the friends and relatives are collected. These Pardre's form a procession, carrying large lighted candles, from four to five feet in length. The friends and relatives then follow the corpse to the church.—Two figures in shape of urns are carried in the procession; the first is covered with black velvet, with a death cross on it; the other is covered with gold and silver, and on the top of it, is the figure of Christ on the cross. The bier is carried by four men, and the bearers are Pardres. To rest the men that carry the bier, there is a signal given, which is done by a man knocking on the bier, for them to lay it down: when they are sufficiently rested they proceed to the church; after which, they leave the body lying on the altar, with long wax candles burning throughout the night—two at the feet, and two at the head. The ensuing

morning, a covered hearse comes, drawn by two mules; the driver riding on one of them. There is no procession attending the interment. It is the custom of the natives, when they meet a hearse in the street, to salute it by taking off their hats, until it passes them.

I had been in Lima about six months; in the meantime I become acquainted with a number of genteel families, at whose houses I occasionally visited, for the sole purpose of being instructed in their language. One Sunday afternoon I walked out as usual, towards *del Alema' da, de Calleo ;* when I came opposite the house, where a family of my particular acquaintance resided, I thought I would like to make a call; when I entered the first room, to my surprise I beheld a small coffin, laid on a high bench, at one side of the room, and flowers of many colors were strewed around and over it; four lighted candles stood on the bench, two placed at the feet, and two at the head; over which was the image of Santa Maria. I proceeded to the second room, where I saw a great number of ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance, conversing and laughing, seeming to enjoy one another's company quite merrily! I seated myself by the side of one of the young ladies of the house, with whom I was well acquainted. She asked me if I had received any note from her; I answered in the negative, and then enquired what was her request; she said it was an invitation to come to her little sister's funeral, who had died the night previous. It was as much as I could very well do, to keep a command of my counte-

nance; for it appeared so ludicrous, to send notes around, as if there was an expected ball or party.—Before we had finished our conversation, her father entered, with a great number of very long candles, which he distributed among the men; a greater part of whom were Colombian, and Peruvian officers.—After this ceremony, then came a full band of Colombian musicians, who played a very lively march as they entered the large gate. The bearers were then called, who were Colombian officers: they took white hankerchiefs and put them under the coffin, one at the foot, and the other at the head; and these served for a bier, laying their *chapeau-bras* on the coffin, and then we formed a procession after the corpse, with the band of music ahead, playing a very lively march. We moved to a church, and then laid the little angel (for her friends were confident she could be nothing less) on the altar, with lighted candles burning at the head and foot of the coffin. After tarrying about a quarter of an hour to witness the ceremonies of the Friars, we returned to the house, the band of music playing all the way. After we returned to the house, refreshments were prepared, and we were treated with cake and fruit, after which they called for the band to play; and each one chose his partner and commenced waltzing, they continued to exercise thro' the night, and were apparently as cheerful and happy as the people of the United States are on the Fourth of July. They informed me that when a child died under nine years, that they were sure it had gone to heaven; instead of being sorrowful, they rejoiced."

"That principle is rather too exalted for a mother to adopt," observed Maria, glancing an affectionate eye towards the open door of the room that contained her little treasures.

"These Catholic observances appear rather singular than imposing, to us heretics," said Rosalvina, "and seem to me more like the exhibition of a juggling party than the worship of a christian assembly."

"Prejudice affects our opinions wonderfully," replied Conrad, "and there is more in the influence of example than many are aware of. I have witnessed the celebration of Christmas at Lima, with intense interest, and I do assure you it appears very far from what you will probably consider it—an unmeaning or impious pageant."

"The manner in which the priests celebrate this, their greatest holiday, is singular:—Christ and the twelve apostles are formed of wood, and on that day, are placed around a table in the church, as a typical demonstration of the Lord's supper."

"Ha! a papist, Don Garcia," said Rosalvina.

"Yes, and every way disposed to profit by our lady's indulgencies," gaily returned Conrad pressing his lips to the retained hand of the former.

"But what of the port of Keca?" asked Rose, "you say you have been there, very few of our people have been at that place—do tell us something of the natives?"

"I took passage, on board brig Winneford, of Alexandria, from Valparaiso, bound towards Pisa," replied Conrad, bowing to the fair solicitress. "We

made a stop at the port of Keca, being desirous to see the place. I went on shore, in our small boat; when we landed the natives came down to us, and questioned us if we did not like the Patriot flag. They were very much alarmed at the sight of us, for a few weeks previous, the Spanish troops had plundered them of every thing. And after that Gen. Sucre sent to them to put up a Patriot flag; threatening them, that if they did not obey he would blow up the town. This place is situated on a level at the foot of a mountain. It is very barren—the soil produces nothing. The natives have small vessels, which go to the windward for water and vegetables, and sugar cane which are sold very dear, they being the chief on which the natives subsist. The water is brought in jars, which are called a *Cotaja*. They contain about twelve or sixteen gallons and are sold from $1,50 to $2 apiece. There is one house of worship; the houses are built of small stones, and mud, covered over with flag, such as coopers use for casks. They make no use of bedsteads. All houses have a seat built of mud, about six feet wide and of the length of the room, on which they put a very thick rug, made of wool, something similar to Brussels carpeting, which serves for the *carnia*, or bed. These houses contain but one room which serves them on all occasions. The mens' apparel consists of a pair of coarse trowsers, and a shirt, and a *pancho*, which is a large piece of woollen cloth, with a hole cut in the centre, to admit the head. The women wear a thick woollen under dress, which is laid in folds around the waist; and a spencer, made of cali-

co, decorated with beads. Their shoes are made of striped cotton cloth. They never wear any stockings —their ornaments consist of a string of beads, with a cross attached.

This harbor abounds in various kinds of fish, of good quality.

"But now it is my time to claim a favor," said Maria, "if indeed, a *sister's* wishes may compete with—"

"What is it my sister would know?" interrupted Conrad, as the conscious Rosalvina hurriedly turned the leaves of a music book.

"A description of St. Blass, and Massatan; I thought I heard you mention something curious of those places."

"St. Blass has two towns; one is situated on a rocky mountain—the other at the foot of a mountain. The houses in the upper town, are constructed very differently from those of the lower town. They are built of cane-poles and mud, and brick for the floor; the stairs are formed of the same material. The houses are much larger than those of the town below, and are flat roofed. Those in the port town, are built of stakes driven into the ground, and the apertures stopped up with mud; the roofs are built sloping and are covered with the branches of a tree, called the cabbage tree, which resembles the cocoa-nut, and abounds here. At the back part of the upper town, there is a fresh water river which empties into the sea. In the bay, stand two very large white rocks, which appear at a distance like a ship, with her courses set.

They have two forts in this port; one stands on the

right as you enter;—the other, is situated on a rock, in the centre of the bay—the rock is 15 or 20 yards from the shore. This place abounds in muschettos, and sand flies. They have but one church, which is very old. The natives' manner of eating is more like that of wild beasts, than of human beings; it is seldom they make use of knives or forks, but use their fingers generally—their diet is very light—four or five ounces of meat, a few potatoes, and a small quantity of other vegetables will serve several people; one hearty man could demolish the whole, and look over his shoulder for more.

"The port of Massatan is surrounded by mountainous islands. There are about twenty huts in the town, which is situated on a level—they are built of straw. This part of the country is very barren; they have to send to a city called Massaclan, which is about 20 miles from the town, for vegetables, which are brought down in small crates. The people are very indolent. This harbor is so shoal that large vessels have to lay at the mouth of the harbor; and sometimes the surf reaches clear across the harbor.

"The Commandante lives in a small hut, which is inhabited only by his wife, and himself—for the dimensions would not admit a third person. There are two forts; one is not accessible for vessels; these forts are one in each port. The port where the shipping anchor, is built on a hill, and both of the forts are built by driving sticks of wood into the ground, in the form of a square; and the hiatus cemented with sods and dirt. A space is left for the muzzle of a gun to

"Surely, Conrad," said the firm-hearted girl, "if I can add to your happiness you cannot doubt my compliance—" * * *

Rosalvina, the tried, and trusted friend, a week from that night was pressed to the heart of Maria, as the chosen companion of her lost brother. The next morning, the happy and reunited friends sailed from the harbor of New York, to visit their good old grandfather on the southern shores.

The miseries they had passed through, never were forgotten: but while they revelled in the luxury of the world, they never ceased to thank an Almighty hand for the restoration of the *shipwrecked Conrad*.

THE BALL.

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.
Shakspeare.

"Now for the white rose, Miss Emma; and then if your conquest is not completed over Mr. Fitzalmar, my name is not Martha Brown, and I resign all pretentions to prophecy. Now see for yourself, does it not become your complexion."

"I doubt it not, Martha," said the listless mistress, "I am satisfied without occular demonstration. Your reference is meant kindly, but you used to think last winter, a *red* rose become me most;—sad changes have come—sad indeed".

"Now, my dear Miss Emma, I entreat of you, not to revert to days gone; consider this is the first ball you have attended here, and do anticipate some pleasure: with such a gallant as you have, I cannot divine your present melancholy; come cheer up, and delight your parents, for this night; it will only distress them to see you so depressed."

"I will endeavor to, Martha; but do you not know, concealed fountains must vent sometime; and to you my kind girl, concealment avails little;—I cannot love George Henry as I ought—what is to be done?"

"I am at times almost vexed with you;—if he was as ugly as a hedge fence, I would not blame you, but he is so noble, so beautiful; I am almost dazzled in my own imagination, when I contemplate his beauty; and then, his intrinsic worth is past my powers to describe;—I feel at times wicked enough to wish Lucy Gray *had* him!"

"And do you really suppose she loves him, Martha?"

"If the expression of her innocent countenance is a true index of her heart, I am sure she does;—but love is soon quenched, that meets with no return:—why! Miss Emma, for that matter, all the girls in the village are after him."

"I among the number—oh! dear, I wish this display was over;—when shall I ever appear as I have been? Martha, I'll tell you a secret; I know it will not meet with your approbation; but you told me no news when you informed me that Lucy loves Fitzalmar, I believe she does; or if she does not, a little attention from him, may ripen her partially, to love in all its youthful freshness. The artless child expressed the same sentiments to me—yes, to *me*, Martha. My idle inconsistent treatment, drew me insensibly into her confidence and she acknowledged she never had been in love before. I am convinced, that she alone, will render him happy."

"How are you convinced? has he not chosen *you* from among the rest, to be his partner,—and you alone—"

"There you are entirely mistaken; she is his partner also."

"Lucy Gray! the village rustic!—a cottager's daughter!"

"Martha, I am surprised at your appellation;—is she not very beautiful, innocent, and artless withal?—Oh! Martha? would that I were a cottager's daughter! I should then be divested of this canker-worm, that gnaws so securely on my heart-strings—*ignorance* is *bliss* to a *deceived heart*—it is *misery* to be *wise*, after life has been sapped of hope, and bereaved of its dearest affections."

"Forgive me, Miss Emma—my astonishment at your information, induced me to forget I was *less* than a cottager's daughter; for I have neither father or mother, but am an orphan—dependent on your bounty."

"We will not think of it, Martha; you have parents, for *mine* are *yours*.—have we not cradled together?—have we not had one common mother? I meant not to revert to your dependence; but it ill becomes any one, to consider others on account of their birth. If Lucy Gray had been blest with the advantages you or I have had, she would grace any circle; but to put an end to mystery, the artless creature heard of the ball, and before she gave any others a chance to invite her, observed she wished she could go with me. I told George of it, and expressed a wish he would ask her, which he readily did—Now to my project—I have myself superintended her dress, which is a pink lutestring, bordered with artificial roses of the same color; a band of brilliant stones, set in circular, for her waist—her hair in nature's

fashion—her own ringlets need not the foreign aid of ornament;—now you see her dress will become her complexion; my bridal white, mine: for I am the bride of heaven, if I accomplish my undertakings."

"Miss Emma, you rave! what! resign the elegant Fitzalmar, to one who can never make him happy!—Give up rashly, your own happiness! break the hearts of your parents; and finish, by going to that hateful monastery, you talk so much about!—All!—all!—for the unworthy passion you have experienced for one, who knew not your worth; who did not appreciate your love, your talents, and your beauty!"

"There, Martha—there—in heaven's name—you will make me rue my confidence;—hush girl; do you too, dare to asperse his character? be careful, else we are no longer friends;—come put these pearls on, and the figure is decked for the masquerade. I fear I shall not grace it; for you have raked a sore here that was painfully bruised. There, George has come; I hear the carriage: no more on the subject, your looks implore forgiveness—you have it. Be assured, I shall not trifle too much with my own happiness: if Lucy Gray can awaken jealousy, in this care-worn heart, I shall be convinced my affections have not entirely forsaken me. I have laid too long in a state of lethargy, at present I know not my own feelings; after this experiment, if I do not feel an affection towards George, I shall undoubtedly refuse him, for I never can accept a heart without bestowing an equivelant in return:—man is different from woman—

he can attach himself to almost any object that is lovely and interesting: woman once loves—and forever—she knows no change."

Away went the lady, to meet her expecting partner, who received her offered hand, with thrilling delight: but the cold, languid look of Emma, went back upon his heart, as if an icicle had clung to it.

Emma Laurens, was the only daughter of her parents. They once ranked in their native city, proudly independent in wealth; but wealth, like rain on parched ground, consumes of itself. Extravagance had been a reigning motto, in every member of the family. Six sons were alone, sufficient to sap a fortune: they were now scattered abroad; bearing a sad remembrance of their folly and dissipation. They never was heard of; knowing the reduced state of the family was chiefly owing to their extravagance, their parents cared but little to hear from them ever again. So true it is that the dearest ties of nature can be severed by straying from a righteous path. The ingratitude of their sons induced the misguided parents to concentrate all their affection upon Emma. They lived in her smiles—she was their staff of life—a beacon, to light their aged path. It was true, Martha Brown had a considerable share of their solicitude.—Mrs. Laurens, pitying her infant orphanage had adopted her in wealth, and she could not discard her in adversity. The thoughtful girl was ever grateful for her kindness and attention, while she enjoyed the privilege of education and dependance; she never abused their goodness; but chose to remain an humble

and grateful servant. Emma Laurens, was a girl of uncommon promise—her beauty and talents, were a constant theme of admiration. Of course as she was so conspicuously blest, she had fascinated many suitors, but had arrived at the age of 18, before she gave any evident signs of quarrelling with her name. She had few female friends; they knew her superiority and dreaded a companionship. Her sway over the rougher sex was universally acknowledged; but her heart remained like an impenetrable fortress, till at the age previously mentioned—'the spoiler came.'

The winter previous to the one now recorded, the fame of Emma had reached throughout the city, where she then resided, and excited the attention of one, who will be soon a conspicuous character.

Robert De Lance was an officer in the French army then located for the season in the city of ——. To undertake to describe him would be a useless undertaking; those who have seen a dashing unprincipled officer can best judge, or the sequel will soon show his unparalleled villainy. When at liberty from camp duties, or gaining victories over the sterner sex, he was ever restless, in killing or wounding those fair beings nature would direct him to protect, who gave up their admiration and their love; little thinking the viper they were cherishing would coil itself round and round their hearts and sting its resting place. There was not one who had saluted his eager gaze left to overcome. He considered his field entirely won in the city, till Emma Laurens burst upon his chaotic

vision with the electricity of a passing star when leaving its place above to attract the gaze of us earthly beings. But Emma could not become the metaphor here alluded to, to pass by unhurt amid the elements; unhappy hour, that the fates should decree the gathering ills that marked her from that moment the victim of credulity. But the fairest flowers are plucked in their beauty, to bloom admired for the moment, and then their day of perishing comes, and forgetfulness o'ershades their future destiny!

A military ball was given in commemmoration of some victory obtained, and Emma the beautiful,—the destined victim of villainy attended. With almost infantile delight, did the unfortunate girl anticipate happiness; she bestowed on her toilet all indefatigable zeal, and Martha declared she would be called the belle of the evening, for it was impossible for any to rival her. The rose on her cheek displayed itself to the highest perfection, and the pure veins meandered along over a skin unrivalled in whitensss. Her form was a model for the sculptor, and as she moved along with the elasticity of youth, De Lance involuntarily exclaimed, "Inimitable!—incomparable being! Such charms are unrivalled! welcome once more to a life of love,—of conquest—and deception!—thy proud beauty shall yet cower before my lightest glance!—Farewell lethargy, till all is accomplished."

Here he found a more difficult task than ever yet crossed his path. There were barriers he knew not how to remove—he never wished to marry.—Emma, independent both in mind and wealth, was no slight

obstacle to his villanous designs: however, difficulty is a stimulus; nothing can turn a deep villain from his plans on female loveliness. He knew there was one vulnerable point—it was this—Emma had never loved! To win her unpractised heart, would be like regaling among spring flowers, in all their youthful beauty. At all events she was worth the trial, and he spared no time or attention, to accomplish one of the basest purposes, that ever had admission in the heart of man. For sometime he despaired of success; but at times, with affection and indifference he won her love! He even went so far as to gain consent of her parents.

Preparations were made—guests were invited;—cards were distributed throughout her large circle of acquaintance—when on the night she was decked in her bridal robe—in place of her idolized De Lance, coming to perform with her those solemn vows! to make her the happiest of human beings! she received the following communication:

"Emma, I am unworthy of you: forgive me for what is passed—An unforseen incident detains me from ever becoming yours—Think of me still with affection; for cruel fate, ordains me another's—"

DE LANCE.

Hardened and base is the heart of that man, that can wreck the bud of promise, and of hope, on the altar of faith.

She had been sufficiently warned of his character; but the faith she reposed in his honor, caused her to pay little heed to her own happiness.

Oh! woman! thy life is often the forfeit of a too confiding heart. This boasted virtue—constancy—often proves a shipwreck to thy future happiness—what is lost in reality thy imagination supplies—till at last—the grave closes thy woes.

The trial was great: her pride received a blow and she stood on her throne of unrivalled beauty; like a monarch who fears for the loyalty of his subjects! but the firm-hearted girl did not yield to distracted grief, her pride had received an inward blow, but outwardly she was the same commanding belle. This aided, when the feelings of the heart failed; yet to a practised eye it was visible, it silently wore upon her, and the rose on her once blooming cheek, faded away, leaving a slight tinge of her former loveliness; yet so slight to the view, one might compare it to the fading beauties of sunset. The more you gazed upon it, the faster it receded from your view.

Her large, dark eye, had lost its animation; an air of languor had stole insensibly over her whole frame, yet she was interesting; the more you gazed upon her the more you wished to; she had a power of fixing her image on the tablet of the heart—it was like a troubled vision of light and shade, a something indefinite—your own sorrows, however enlarged, would be forgotten, and the tear of pity would flow, mingled with hatred towards the base ingratitude of man.—Emma, gifted woman! that the sun of thy existence should so early in life be obscured by a cloud, hovering over thy beautiful form, and shrouding in darkness the light of thy mind; consuming thy best affec-

tions by a subtle, encroaching villian. The loved, and the beautiful are chosen for misery: selected by a Divine Hand, to wither on earth, so that they may ripen in heaven.

Her voice that once sounded so gleeful, among her associates, was still remarkable for its peculiar sweetness.

The good, endeavored by every little act of kindness to sooth this inward grief; also endeavoring to impress her with the idea, they had forgotten the incident, or should by chance the subject be reverted to, enlarged much upon the dissipation and dangers attendant on the soldier. The malicious, and the envious, would act contrary to this; and mothers, whose daughters had experienced *a shade* in the presence of the unrivalled belle, were constantly striving that the wound should always remain unclosed to public view. We pass this class, that fills the human heart with untold woes, their deeds and feelings, are never envied by the wise and good.

The character of De Lance was made public—reports were busy in circulation. Even his former friends, at this attempt to wound the pride of their city, aroused them to disclose his real and true character. They knew he was to have been married to Emma, and trusted a reform, but alas! can the leopard change his spots? or the Ethiopian his skin? The heart that is initiated in all kinds of villany, must require the work of years for a thorough reformation;—but still they trusted the pure mind of Emma might effectuate much. This is not all of De Lance,—at

the time he was betrothed to Emma, and vowing such love, as Alexander himself could hardly possess, he was beguiling a young, and innocent girl, who left her parents to pine in penury and loneliness; for what was she to expect but misery and disgrace, to follow so deep a villain? if a superior being like Emma Laurens was deserted, this ignorant creature, reposed on a brittle staff for protection. As one affliction seldom passes unattended, Mr. Laurens property became so reduced, Emma entreated of him to leave the city, and retire to some unknown village, while they still possessed sufficient to live genteelly.

It was here in the retired village of S——, George Henry Fitzalmar, first knew the interesting Miss Laurens. He was a lawyer by profession, and had practised in the city, by which he had acquired considerable wealth; but the busy world soon cloyed, and he gladly sought a refuge in this lone spot, among the ignorant; but they were free from worldly vice, or worldly folly. Here his practice was limited; but he appeared contented with his lot. He became a frequent visitor at Prospect Hill. Emma received these visits merely in friendship; but she had learned too deep a lesson to convince her this ought to be denied her, for the security of his happiness. At first, she gladly reciprocated all those kind attentions, one improved person naturally gives to another; but as soon as she perceived the interested friend was an encroaching lover, she awakened from her torpor of confidence, to consider in her heart if she was justified. Emma had pure principles, the idea of losing his im-

proved company, was of itself no slight resignation to a lone heart; in a place of retirement To marry him without a heart, to bestow, was cruel and heinous to think of; to admire and esteem him, she always should, but to love—alas! hers was a heart formed of no common materials; she had placed her whole existence on the base De Lance, and the idea of his villany, almost drove his image from her thoughts; with proud indignation she would spurn him then as she would the veriest reptile: and then other thoughts would calm her troubled heart, she would yield to a wild imagination, and think he was unhappy, and for her sake—"No, I cannot think," she would reason, "a being moulded with all the externals of nobleness and virtue, can possess a heart, black and deep, with such strange villanies, as they tell me of—can he be married? no, no, the idea is terrible—I cannot be reconciled, and yet, my love of virtue would prompt me to say, would that he were, rather than to cast a poor ignorant female upon the wild world, amid the taunts and revilings of a soldier's camp. Be he what he may, at least my pride is constancy—I cannot trust another—my love—I have no love—it is seared and consumed, like an autumn leaf—there is no vestige of its former beauty—my life shall be an emblem of constancy—my death, a warning to all females who repose too securely on an unworthy object—and my hopes are of an hereafter where the deceiver shall never gain admission."

So reasoned Emma Laurens—not so her suitor.—He knew her story from the lips of Martha; who had

related it from the purest of motives. Fitzalmar admired her for her beauty and talents; he pitied her for the sufferings she had passed, and which were yet too visible—yes, and he loved her for her virtues, and her mild forbearance, and visible devotedness to her indulgent parents. He had never talked to her of his love—his better sense whispered, be not too hasty, else she might not only debar him from a share of affection, but from her society forever. He could not but cherish the idea, they were similarly circumstanced, that they were singularly ordained for each other: the doctrines of predestination he firmly believed.

Her parents had much encouraged Fitzalmar; they knew his worth, and fondly anticipated he would make ample amends for all sorrows and disappointments.—They dared not build too firmly upon hope, which is beautiful to look upon in vision; but is distraction in ruins.

De Lance, was never their favorite, and but for the fear of precipitating their child to an early sepulchre, they would have exerted their authority, and forbid the union; but she appeared too devoted to him, to harbor the idea; and when his character was truly developed, they rejoiced, while their fond one sorrowed, trusting that time, that healer of all wounds, might throw a veil of obscurity over the past, and yet she would be happy with some worthy object, capable of appreciating her worth.

Fitzalmar was now their choice. At times, Emma appeared to encourage him, and then again, her attention was blended with so much inconsistency, their

hopes were blasted ere they were blown. She was the same in sweetness of disposition; and it appeared there was even more deep devotion towards her parents than was consistent with her present sorrow; but that noble girl, well knew their affection was of the purest kind: if they reproved rather harshly, her infatuation to one, who was so utterly unworthy, she would smile, and return some kind answer, that would chill their hearts, at so unfortunate a fatality. Her fondness for the society of Fitzalmar, recently appeared to decrease, and was lavished upon Lucy Gray, the daughter of a cottager, who resided near them. It was true she was a lovely child of nature; yet such increased devotedness, for a girl she had no ties upon; such pains-taking for the improvement of her mind, led them into a labyrinth of conjecture.

Lucy richly inherited a love of cultivation, stimulated by the encouraging Emma, she had made a rapid improvement. Emma experienced an animating pleasure, in seeing her labor was not in vain.

The Ball that had been for weeks, and months the theme among the villages, at last arrived, and when her parents were informed that Lucy was also a partner of Fitzalmar, the truth broke upon them; they however, smothered their surmises, beneath a calm exterior; relying on the attachment of Fitzalmar, they hoped for the best.

* * * * * *

"Miss Emma, are you not so well to-day?" said the kind Martha, "the sun has long been winning you, to enjoy his refreshing beams. I fear your ex-

ertions last night have had an ill effect upon your health."

"No, my kind girl, I am as well as usual, in body; but my mind is ill at ease."

"How shall I take you? has Fitzalmar withstood all your attractions, and turned rebel indeed!"

"At this, I rejoice, since you must know the cause, Martha; would that I had remained at home: still I will not regret it, if it has been instrumental in giving others happiness—if my plan prospers, I shall have done with worldly projects, and will cling to selfishness. Yes, Martha, to trim my own lamp, that it may be ready, shall be my task, for I feel here, that my heart was strangely shattered last evening. What signifies concealment? I have lost what I never shall recover—peace of mind—Little does the wild bird care for her life, when her mate is destroyed by the cruel hunter. You have known my weakness, and sooner than you surmise, it will be known to the world—what care I for that? the green sod will cover my remains, and the long grass wave over it. Martha, may you never know blasted hope; it withers all enjoyment—It sears the best qualities of the heart—and unfits us for society—we are a set, apart—there is none to soothe us—but all reproach. The conversation between us, before I went was too deeply impressed on my mind for enjoyment. Days gone by, of love and happiness, my soul in vain endeavored to forget. The hall itself, was so different, so roughly inhabited, it appeared like mockery of enjoyment. In vain I sought that noble form once so proudly con-

spicuous; nought but strange faces, saluted my eager gaze; where gaiety was written in legible letters.—My movements were closely watched by these villagers. Oh! I wished myself at home, a thousand times, Martha: of all places to feel an utter solitude, a ball-room is the hardest to be endured. There was one little gleam of comfort stole into my heart—it was to watch the graceful evolutions of Lucy Gray; at times to view her hanging on the arm of Fitzalmar, as if she worshipped a being from another world. It would have done your heart good to see her enjoy the night; it was she alone, that aroused me from a dangerous torpor, that appeared creeping around my very vitals; chilling as it came—"

"Pray, Miss Emma, forgive my interruption: did you not open the ball, as was so much anticipated and talked of among the villagers? What a night to see you and the handsome stranger, grace their first dance?"

"I did not, my reasons were good. I knew there was much in effect;—I pleaded indisposition, and rather coldly denied. It chilled him for the moment—I knew it would, for much did he think of this pleasure; but turning to Lucy, he begged for the favor of her hand; she graciously offered it, and with a seraphs smile, lead to the head of the dance. If angelic loveliness is ever given to earthly beings, Lucy Gray personified an angel! Her dress was very becoming;—the brilliants that encircled her waist, were only exceeded by the diamonds that sparkled from her animated eyes; and while her gay dress, accorded with

her looks and feelings, the white zephyr, that was permitted to wave at pleasure, was an emblem of her innocence! perhaps it was gazing on this creature that brought fresh recollections of other days, when I too, was as gay as the lark who tunes his joyous lay at the approach of morn."

"But dear Miss Emma, did you not enjoy the company of Fitzalmar at all?"

"No, Martha, I could not; I believe a thought crossed his heart, to awaken me to a sense of the green eyed monster: but whether he was thus devoted to my *protegee*, merely to excite me to notice him the more, or he may have been really fascinated, is a mystery that time alone will solve. I trust it is the latter; but man often wears a mask of cheerfulness, when his heart is breaking with the trial. I should be most happy, if I could be instrumental in giving them happiness; for I give them the preference, over all my host of friends; for others have evaporated, like snow in the warm sunshine."

"Oh! Miss Emma! sadly do I grieve, that you are so blind to your own happiness! Would that I was possessed of the eloquence of a Demosthenes, to convince you how you cast away a treasure, in thoughtlessness. Words from me are vain, and breath spent idly; if you have succeeded in fascinating his attention towards Miss Gray, do you really think she is a fit companion in congeniality for one who has mingled in the world as much as Fitzalmar? If your plans prosper, and he marries her, can you vouch for the continuance of his happiness? Is it consistent with

human nature! Is he not too high-souled to be always pleased with a pretty picture to gaze upon? If my opinion ever had any weight, let it have effect now: I beseech you go on no farther—consider how responsible it is to forward an unhappy match: let reason exercise your mind. I know your benevolent motives; but is it consistent. Better to have brought him to the point at once, and then, refused him openly; than thus cast a heart from you to experience wretchedness."

"It appears I am ever doomed to be wretched myself, as well as every one that clings to me. I have filled Lucy with animated hopes, and now, to blast them is base cruelty."

"Better crush sorrow in the bud, than suffer it to bloom on, for poisonous weeds to oppress it. Lucy is young; she knows nothing of sorrow or disappointments; if the heart of youth is disappointed, the elasticity of spirits returns and brightens the future."

"You are right, Martha; it is not so with those who have passed the age of continued anticipation, and have 'viewed the cold reality too real.'"

"At any age allow me to say, no firm hearted woman would ever rashly throw away her happiness for a disappointment, her own good sense, might teach her to rejoice over. Ignorance, might make an exception; but to any one gifted with reason and intelligence, it is a mad folly to wear a yellow bloom, and sap the enjoyment of life, for one, who if the knowledge came to him, would only exult at it."

"Hush, Martha; let me converse on what subject

I will, you are determined to awaken a chord that vibrates too painfully. I will think of this subject; in the meantime, if George Henry comes, I will see him. Go now, I know your affection prompts you to say what you have."

Emma's good sense had long foretold the very words Martha had expressed. Martha felt conscious she possessed her young mistress's entire confidence; but there were thoughts, she had never given to words:—The fact was this, Lucy Gray had awakened a feeling, so closely allied to jealousy, she was at a loss to comprehend herself. Envy was no part of her composition, and for the happiness of that artless creature, she would fain sacrifice her own. It must be an only alternative, envy, or a hidden affection for Fitzamar. She long soliloquized—finally she came to the resolution, that if she really could love again—it must be Fitzalmar—and then—a shuddering came over her, and gazing at a mirror, she exclaimed, "Do these pallid looks become reciprocated affection?"

While she thus was considering, Martha announced Fitzalmar. He appeared much dejected; his noble brow was deeply shaded with a dark cloud, that visibly possessed his whole frame. Emma was ill prepared at this critical moment, and in the versatility of her own mind, to see him so vastly different from his last evening's gaiety; but recovering her natural presence of mind, she addressed him with assumed gaiety.

"It appears, George Henry, dissipation agrees as little with you as with myself; for my part, it is so long since I have been accustomed to the sound of

the viol and drum, my ears tingle with them yet; but pray have you seen my *protegee*, and how does she bear the night's revel? When I was as young, I would say, as happy as she is, I cared but little for fatigue."

"Are you not as happy, Miss Laurens?"

"Miss Laurens!" thought Emma; the appellation so confused her, she could scarcely reply, to one, who had ever familiarized her in the same way that a broth would a sister that he loved.

"Happiness, expressed in loud gaiety, has long been a stranger to me; Mr. Fitzalmar, since your former appellation, teaches me to call you so."

"I appeared to suit the times, and we city men, cannot forget old customs; at least your sex often recalls them."

"You speak enigmas, sir; if it gives you pleasure thus to converse, you will also have to solve them;—my poor brain at present, is incapable of the trouble."

"Emma, you have known me long; sufficient to convince you I am no trifler. You are not blind, or ignorant; you knew—you must have known—my heart has long been deeply attached to you—nay, stay and hear me out—it is the last time I shall ever trouble you. I have borne your indifference and your inconsistent treatment with fortitude, for, Emma I knew your story—"

"My story, good Heaven! when and how?"

"It availeth little to answer, suffice it to say, it was this knowledge taught me forbearance; I will not be ungrateful; for while I retain your secret, know that I too was deceived.

"You! George Henry! where will the cruelties of the world have an end.?"

"Yes, Emma, she won my heart, acknowledged I was dear to her; and then,—no matter, it has passed—she is married to another—and is miserable; my curses are turned to compassion. Now, Emma, we are equal; it was this singular circumstance of our meeting, that induced me to recall a vow I had made, never to marry; and I have kept this vow, seven long years; it was for this unhappy affair I left the city and sought retirement; but my life is doomed to be full of disappointments: even in solitude, that curse follows me. Let me wander to the northernmost pole—still, she would pursue me. To close this painful theme, I have traced your inmost thoughts, as soon as you surmised my attentions assumed a more exalted nature than mere friendship. You thought to divert me away with a toy chilling all my hopes forever. Your motives, I believe were generous, and benevolent; but that artless creature, could never add to my happiness. I wish for a companion to sooth the asperity of my temper, assuage my sorrow, and not an insensible picture to gaze upon; a friend, and at times—an adviser—an intellectual and improved mind; one that has been used to polished society. Could I find these qualities in the lovely Miss Gray? she by advantages is capable of improvement; but it must be the work of time. It is now, I wish for a comforter, and I too fondly trusted, Emma, I might have been an acquisition to your happiness. I have thought of you much; my mind

has long yearned to tell you this; but I knew by myself, it was time alone could wean your affections."

"George Henry," said the astonished and subdued girl, "do you suppose time can accomplish a certain cure?"

"I do, I firmly do; and dear, unhappy one, I would take you now, knowing you as I do, that your better judgment would at last decide in my favor, and give me that affection tenfold, to commensurate the withholding it at present."

"You are very generous, George, if you will yield to what I propose, I will dare to acknowledge."

"Whatever your desires are, I will abide by them."

"Do not visit me again in a fortnight; if you do not hear from me in that time, there is no hope for you; I shall then be convinced if I love you, and if not you I never can any one."

Even this defered hope, the warm-hearted Fitzalmar clung to with fervor. The manner in which she expressed it, gave him every reason to believe she was not indifferent. He readily obeyed her commands; but had it been a year's trial, it had not appeared longer. Although agonizing, he reposed in a hope of a recall.

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In less than the appointed time, Fitzalmar joined the family circle at Prospect Hill; to the delight of all, even the amiable Lucy sympathized in the general joy. The hope that had a being for the moment, was easily forgotten, in the beaming smile that once more illumined the face of her benefactress. Suffice

it to say, a year from that night's revel, the annual ball was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzalmar, and the villagers once more anticipated seeing the stranger, lead his lovely bride to grace their first dance.

"Come," said the animated Fitalmar, shall I have the honor of your hand, Madam, or are you too much indisposed to gratify me?"

"I have no right to grant, sir, what you can command," was the answer, and taking his offered hand with a smile of delight, led to the dance: nor was Lucy Gray forgotten; for the next dance found her the partner of one, she now looked upon as anothers—bound by the solemn ties of matrimony: if it caused her innocent heart a pang of regret, it was never known, for gaiety was the natural growth of her mind; and what she felt in regret, was compensated in attention. Fitzalmar had sent an express to the city, for a few select friends, and this was "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul." The lovely Lucy attracted their attention sensibly, and when they returned, they reported to their associates, they knew not which to call the most interesting, the bride of Fitzalmar, or her maid of honor. The delighted parents, and the faithful Martha, were eye-witnesses to this scene of pleasure.

The rose of health once more graced the cheek of Emma; she no longer complained of pallid looks, and depressed spirits; she had exerted reason, and cast away the wild imagination—that woman must 'once love, and forever.' Calm, quiet reason, came to her

aid, and she now smiled at her own infatuation.—"Oh!" said she, "how long have I been swayed by my imagination—perplexed and distracted my parents, and nearly drew them to an untimely grave. How I regret the time that is lost, in so much unhappiness.—Would that my story might influence simple maidens who have loved unworthily—it would reverse the law of custom. Man himself would be the deceived; he would be deceived of his victim. It is a blind belief that we cannot forget and wash away entirely in lethean waters, the harrowed past; the more we are impressed with the idea, the more firmly we trust in it, till often it proves a grave to ourselves, and our friends. Thus she reasoned, and the prophecy of Fitzalmar was verified long before his noble heart anticipate.d

He now informed his bride of his intention to leave the village and return to the city; where they could enjoy society for the mind, and he could resume his practice.

"I have at present," said he, "sufficient to maintain us handsomely, and by my practice can insure an increase."

"Will you allow me to take my *protegee?*"

"By all means—I thought of persuading her father to consent to accompany us."

The consent of her parent obtained, the lovely Lucy accompanied the happy family, to scenes, new and astonishing to her young mind, as she had never been five miles from her native village.

Years passed on and found them the same united

family. Emma surpassed her husbands most sanguine expectations; his home was a perfect paradise. Three beautiful children were added to their happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Laurens played their new title to perfection. With wealth Emma's city friends flocked around her: she was little for the multitude; but for Lucy's sake she received them graciously. Lucy was no longer the cottager: her manners were polished and mind deep, and rich with that knowledge, that would charm when not a vestige of beauty remained.

Emma was fearful the increased attention she received would addle her brain, and render her giddy; but her mild lectures were ever received with smiles and an attentive ear, for Lucy was sensible it was for her own good that caused her to enlarge upon her faults.

How many receive advice impatiently,—it even causes dislike towards the giver—the reason is obvious. These advisers are inconsiderate in the manner of delivering advice—in this case, there is more in manner, than in matter; "a soft answer turneth away wrath," in like manner; mild persuasion, and a visible effort, to instil in the mind of the pupil—that it is not from a mere ostentatious show of your own superiority —but a wish to convince them of errors by good feeling and a wish to improve. "Easier coaxed than driven" says the wife to the husband, but he heeded not the trial, but brought sorrow to his heart; misfortunes pressed on every side, his domestic peace had fled for a simple cause, he loved tyranny better than to avoid all these ills of life. The thought at last struck him to make

a trial of persuasion, and his home was as changed as if the magic wand of the fairy had assisted him: peace and contentment crowned the rest of his days; a moral, reader, by the way of variety, which is "the spice of life that gives it all its flavor."

Martha acknowledged Miss Gray's superiority to all the city ladies, and supposed she might be a fit match for Mr. Gerad Fitzalmar, who then was away at college, and was soon expected to graduate, and return. It is often the case that matches are made previous to the parties meeting. Lucy was tormented from morn till night, about the anticipated arrival of Gerad.

"George has written him," said Emma, "that he has an angel in reserve for him; but I wonder, Lucy, you do not cheat him, and select a husband from your bunch of favorites."

"I have never loved any of them," was her reply; "for I intend to see Gerad before I commit myself by any engagements, and then you know if we can make a bargain I shall be sister to you."

Many a jest is spoken in earnest, or comes out in prophesy.

One day, Fitzalmar entered his study as usual, to read the news of the day. He was some surprised to see his wife there; but his astonishment increased, when he observed she was weeping bitterly. Before he inquired of this strange and sudden grief, she pointed to the following paragraph; it was a letter directed by a brother officer to his friend.

DEAR MORDAUNT—I have some melancholy news to relate you. Our beloved General Robert DeLance

is no more! Years ago we would have rejoiced at his removal. These late years he was so changed in disposition and morals, we all would willingly have laid down our life for him. I was so distinguished as to be admitted to his confidence: he confessed to me the reason of his first awakening to a sense of inward transgression. It appears he attributes it to a circumstance which took place long ago. Several years since when he called in the city of ———, he became enamored of the reigning belle; you know he was never a marrying man: his morals were so corrupted we were more astonished at the report of his marriage, than we were of his finally deserting her. It appears by the sequel he was more attached than he was aware of; for he dates his reformation to that period. Although his latter days were crowned with the laurels of victory, and the encomiums of the fair were lavished upon him, he never ceased to remember her. It was a sad sight, Mordaunt, to see his soldiers collected around his bed of death, to listen to the dying exhortations of one who had led them on to death or victory. God bless his soul! His repentance was sincere. I trust it will be of some effect on his unprincipled soldiery, who loved their General disinterestedly. As you are on terms of intimacy with his brother, you will confer a favor by transmitting the intelligence to him.

Yours,

E. L. G.

The circumstances were of so singular a nature, that the interested friend had them inserted in the newspapers of the day; doubtless supposing it might have

a good effect on others, who might peruse the story of an unprincipled officer, thus reformed before age had hardened a heart that had been already too deeply practised in all kinds of villany.

Did the lovely Emma at last, blast the fabric of domestic bliss, by yielding to an unavailing grief; bound by the solemn ties of connubial love, did she cast away her little ones from the increasing care of a mother's eye, and double the pang of wretchedness, in the hearts of her parents. Sorrow, in itself was heinous to her, who had absolved by every tie of affection, given her undivided love, to one who was capable of appreciating her worth. For the sake of human nature, it may be added, she yielded to a passionate grief, but it was as evanescent as that of happy childhood. Fitzalmer calmly awaited, till this burst of feeling had subsided; he then placed a blooming child in her arms; he knew words were idle if reason had no effect, and he was determined to recall her harrowed feelings by the never failing experiment of a mother's love. It had the desired effect.

"Can you doubt," said she, "the constancy of my affections? Fear me not, George, those are sacred ties, too sacred to be cast away blindly. Do you suppose me so destitue of the ties of consanguinity as to give way to unavailing grief? No, dear George, forgive this burst of grief, it did bring back, for the moment, deep, vivid reflections of that painful season, when my young heart loved too intensely, and devotedly; but blessed reason still usurps her welcome throne, and you never more shall perceive the least

alteration in my firmness. The remembrance of De Lance, is now blended with joy, to have the consoling thought, however remotely, I was instrumental in reforming one so deeply unprincipled."

Suffice to add, Gerad Fitzalmar returned, and in less than three months, was united to the lovely Lucy. On the bridal night, Martha could not suppress the the exclamation to her mistress, "Who could think a simple cottager's daughter, would arrive to such wealth and honor?"

"You must read the story of the Czar of Russia, again, Martha, if worth does not convince of its power over wealth."

"And that praise well befits you," said the kind girl, "who have risen victor over wealth or fame.—This night reminds me of one, I never shall cease to bear in my mind's eye, when I exulted, that reason assumed her throne, over the effects of a wild imagination; that the heart must despair for the thought of an unworthy constancy; but stronger minds than your's, have yielded to this infatuation, in place of a blooming family, bright smiles, and contented hearts, as you have here; you might have brought down sorrow to your devoted parents yourself, and joined them early victims to that insatiate monster, death."

THE RIVALS.

So full of shape is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.—*Shakspeare.*

"I do not wish to monopolize the attention of Charles Marsham, Julia," said a beautiful girl to her young friend, "why cast inuendoes that such is my intention. It is not in my nature to injure a friend, and least of all, to wreck the happiness of a companion from my childhood: you do me great injustice to surmise a word or thought inimical to yours."

"Clara, how often shall I repeat, it never will augment my happiness, to secure even so conspicuous a character, as Charles Marsham; after this confession, you will certainly allow me the privilege of considering you a usurper; to be candid, it is my fervent wish to chain you in the bands of hymen, then, your dangerous charms will not affect my conquests, and you may bloom unseen in the nursery, or by the side of the incomparable lord of your heart—I then shall be released from your rivalry, and will visit you occasionally, to kindle the expiring taper of jealousy and keep you loving and beloved. This hated matrimony exposes one to a thousand inconveniences, and I never intend to enter the blessed state, ironically naming a a state of dread and confinement."

"Now fie upon you Julia, to stigmatise matrimony with such appellations; recollect dear, Franklin compared an old bachelor to half of a rusty pair of scissors; I suppose he intended the other half for old maids! Pray Julia forbear—or give me better reasons

for imagining unhappiness in being united to a beloved object for life."

"That I will, in a simple sentence. Before marriage, you are fearful you cannot ensure your happiness by an enduring affection on your own part: and after you have dared the hymeneal state, your fears are over, and you are excited to alienation by the treacherous affection of man; or lulled into inaction, by the quiet loves and duties of your contracted sphere. Now decide the alternative, freedom in celibacy, or tyranny and lethargy in matrimony?"

"Indeed Julia, I have a contrariety of ideas on the subject, and not one sufficiently matured to answer definitively, save I am not yet a convert to single blessedness."

"Celibacy when rightly considered, is by far the happiest state of life, allowing the individual is possessed of a gifted intellect, and philanthrophy—what a field of enjoyment is open every where! Instead of being useless members of society—we might reverse the appellation of a cross old maid—for celibacy and ill nature, are frequently termed synonymous—from being a nuisance to the public, we might be indispensible ornaments, worthy to be consulted like the old Roman Gods, and become their oracles. The cares of matrimony might be much relieved, by these friends to the public good, these promoters of the happiness of others—intelligent, philanthropic, active old maids. I sincerely believe we might partake of more genuine happiness, to promote that of others, than to submit to *one self-king*, in the contracted life that matrimony ensures. You smile, Clara, at my reasoning,—believe

me, my sphere of action shall be unbounded—to expand the young mind and render it susceptible of a thousand improved and beautiful ideas, which the young mother, surrounded as she is, by cares, neglects or perhaps considers useless: again, to relieve that bewildered mother of some of her vexations—to instruct her how to be a calculating housewife, and a gentle, and interesting companion. Being entirely divested of immediate cares, we have much leisure to improve; and thus you see, from the selfish life of matrimony, we arrive at the enviable state of public property: and yet, though possessed of a double quantum of cares, they are still self-willed obligations: sensing this rightly, should we not be stimulated to be actively virtuous, and desirous of acquiring fame from good works?—a character beautifully exemplified in these lines from the inimitable Pollock—

> "Yet who, that saw her pass, and heard the poor
> With earnest benedictions on her steps
> Attend, could from obeisance keep his eye,
> Or tongue from due applause?"

"Julia, if you thus warmly advocate celibacy, why are you vexed at my rivalry? I cannot divine the reason why you wish to deter me from single blessedness, just to give you a freer scope in the field of conquest; or if celibacy ensures such happiness to the professor, why am I to be thrust from the imagined Elysium?"

"All the eloquence, of Rome's gifted philosophers, could never draw from you a promise, to renounce the idea of matrimony, and become a convert to my opinions: then listen, Clara, recollect what I disclose

is a secret, and must be locked in friendship's deepest cell; if you will consent to be Mrs. Marsham, I shall be profuse in my thanks to you, for thus bereaving me of temptation: I do admire Charles—*may* love—if you will have it; but the immensity of my affections cannot be concentrated in one sole object. I want to look forth upon the world, and call it mine.—The sequel of my life will show to what use I put this freedom: I trust, I shall not abuse the trial. I fear my fancy might waver for the moment, and smile upon the suit, far too worthy for my future inconsistency.—Should I marry Charles, these affections I had vowed to him should be undivided and enduring —alas, might sill turn, like the magnetic needle, to the polar star of previous anticipation. My mind is like a soaring eagle, ever restless, ever unsated; but I trust, may ever be active in doing good. I knew full well, Charles Marsham is at present wavering between your superior charms—and my gifted intellect, which, I wish was doubly improved. You smile at the expression, but real friendship never disguises a true statement of things; therefore I admit self-praise. My restless fancy craves for the present, a luxury of conquest:—but after I have convinced the world that I could have become an inhabitant of the island of matrimony if I chose to enter the bounds;—yes, Clara, when the gay season of youth is past—the illusions of hope chilled —when gay companions have fled like leaves of the oak, at chill winter's blast—then, Clara, and not till then, will my works heretofore concealed, modestly

illumine forth,—an example of self-happiness, absorbed in disinterested exertions for the public good."

"I say, Julia, before you determine, consider well what you decide upon—Cupid, certainly assumes a new plan for his victims, thus to reverse the law of nature."

"Cupid is merely a tool for my present fancy;—age withers his flowers, after they expand from the bud; yet before the leaves drop off, one by one, I shall claim a hundred friends, a never fading bloom, and to award the palm, and the laurels, which must grace my brilliant career. I trust to be instrumental, in erasing from life's blotted page, many written troubles—to be an antidote to the troubled spirit, or a gilead to the wounded heart. Cheer the cottage of poverty with the necessaries of life and kind attention,—learn to bestow with judgement—not too profusely, or it might destroy the good effect intended,—nor yet, too sparingly, for the unfortunate poor, shrink proudly from offered charity, if dealt with a covetous hand.—I would be a guardian, and a friend to poor genius, and pennyless talent, and pluck the gem of mind, from the rubbish of abject poverty, or the waste of ignorance; and doing all this, I would endeavor to bear in mind our Saviour's example—whose meekness and goodness are well worthy our imitation; and recollect in my generous resolves 'to forbear a high look and a proud heart,' I do not mean to convey an idea, that my benevolence is merely to extend to the poor,—the rich are not exempt from the sorrows and disappointments of fated earth. There are many troubles, and

trials in that ever envied state, which can be much alleviated by the palliatives of friendly affection, and to be interested in their sorrows, is often synonymous with obtaining their confidence. And now my dear Clara, these are my sentiments, in candor, and in truth. May you fill the varied, and yet contracted sphere of domestic life, with the love and the approbation of your destined companion. And may you possess each other's affection, unadulterated, and enduring, till you are summoned to be judged, by the Guardian of us all."

"Thank you, dear friend, for your kind wishes, but while I admire your noble resolves, I must confess I am rather too selfish with my affections, to thus bestow them upon every passing stranger—and too contracted to wish to call the multitude mine adopted.—It will not do for my domesticated affections. You may scorn to yield to one *self-king* in gentle bondage, but the sentiments of my heart lead me to declare, such is the bondage I crave. 'Shadows, clouds, and darkness,' may hang over the matrimonial life at times, but the returning sun will still seem brighter at the fleeting of every storm. Give me *one kind, devoted heart*, that I can depend upon, when age and sickness creeps over me—one that will make adversity smile, or prosperity gladden; I would defy the former with her keen wintry approach—or the latter, that sunshine of life—from leading me astray from my centred affection. But let us each be true to each other in pure friendship, whatever fate ordains for us,—and when you have closed your disinterested labor, on

earth, and fate has sealed your existence here below, may you be received by our Father, far above the stars, with, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

The excellent Clara, though portionless, soon claimed the title of Mrs. Marsham. It was her first offer—Good sense taught her to accept, as some advised her to do, and not to discard, that she might boast at least, one refusal. She was much beloved in her domestic circle, and nearly idolized by her husband.

The benevolent Julia effected her wishes. After convincing many bright youths of her charms, and excellence, she discarded them successively, from all hope of success. And she lived on, till age withered her beauty, still bearing the gift of intellect, like a hidden gem beneath a rose, which as the fragile flower withered, rose to the view, in unchanging, undying brilliancy. She was a light, and a guide to the rising generation—a balm to the sorrows of the rich, and a comforter to the poor.

"Old men beheld, and did her reverence,
And bade their daughters look, and take from her
Example of their future life.